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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1912.

The Week

The President's order putting under the rules of the classified service the 35,000 fourth-class postmasterships which remained outside is of great importance and in keeping with his whole policy in regard to the civil service. So far as numbers are concerned, the Federal offices are, by this act, brought almost completely under the operation of the merit system; but it would be a mistake to suppose that there are not important extensions of that system still to be made in the Federal service. The higher posts; while the number of them is small in comparison with the vast aggregate of offices, are of an importance which cannot be measured by numbers; and this not only because the duties of these posts are of great moment, and because of their tempting character as political prizes, but also for a reason profoundly affecting the service as a whole.

A few offices, involving questions of governmental policy, should always remain subject to untrammelled appointment by the executive head of the Government; but purely business offices of high order, such as the first-class postmasterships, should become the natural goal of the men filling the lower places in the same branch of the service. Only so can the Government service in general become a true career for men of ability; and the effect of its being such a career would be felt in a most beneficent way throughout all the grades. President Taft has urged upon Congress the most comprehensive legislation to this end; in default of such legislation he can do nothing, since the offices in question are, under the law, filled by the President "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate."

From many parts of the country comes evidence that the Republican managers have not the slightest hope of winning the Presidential election, and are working hard mainly for the sake of making such salvage as is still feasible. This accounts for the effort to assure the party "second place" in as many States as

possible. With this would go the advantage of position on the official ballot, the right to appoint poll clerks, "watchers," etc. There is also the natural desire to knit the organization together so as to prevent the Progressives from raiding it and capturing it in the course of the next four years. It seems also to be the case that the general confusion and uncertainty into which the party has fallen are leading, in some places, to arrangements by local bosses and aspirants for office to save themselves at all hazards, no matter what may happen to others. Thus a political correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record*, writing from Delaware, describes the Republican leaders in that State as acting like men in a shipwreck, struggling to save a few of their personal belongings. In particular they are working to carry the Legislature, even at the cost of losing the Governor and sacrificing the national ticket. This is naturally interpreted as meaning that Mr. T. C. du Pont, National Committeeman for Delaware, hopes to be elected to the United States Senate as successor to Richardson.

The present campaign has been unusually rich in humorous situations, but it has been reserved for the State of Lincoln and Grant to contribute the masterpiece of incongruity. Here is the eloquent analysis of existing conditions as made by a speaker in Chicago a few evenings ago:

The Republican ship is lying helpless without a man at the helm. The crew has jumped overboard, and there is no one to guide her head into the wind. On one hand you have the pirate ship of anarchy with the red bandanna handkerchief at the masthead, and on the other the privateer of Socialism. It is up to us Lincoln Republicans to take the leadership and save the ship from destruction.

The "privateer of Socialism," of course, is the Democratic party, but who are "us Lincoln Republicans"? Well, they are the same devoted band that, under the intrepid leadership of William Lorimer, the author of the statesmanlike utterances we have just quoted, went down to defeat in the primaries last spring, dragging Mr. Taft with them. But they are not daunted.

Mr. Amos Pinchot, in his pamphlet,

"What's the Matter with America?" traces the Progressive party back to Columbus, Copernicus, and the Renaissance. That is comparatively modest. Some thinkers have carried the Progressive movement back to the primitive home of the Aryans. On the way they have paused to point out phenomena like the recall of Louis XVI by the Jacobins, the recall of the Jacobins by Napoleon, the recall of Napoleon by the Powers of Europe, etc. Logically there should have been some mention of the recall of Abel by Cain. The astounding thing, however, is that the onward life forces of human history should have run their course without being conscious that they were tending towards their culminating point at Chicago in August, 1912. It was the Progressives who liberated this country from the yoke of George III and fought the Civil War, whereas the ancestors of the present Republicans and Democrats favored taxation without representation and negro slavery. From the dawn of history there has been a chosen band that has worked for the betterment of this world, passing on the heritage of service to their children, set apart from the rest of humanity, but knowing themselves by no separate name. That was to come only in our own days. Even in our own days—such are the mysterious workings of history—they would not have found out that they were Progressives if a score of Taft delegates had been persuaded to flop.

Rear-Admiral Stockton's paper on "Panama Canal Tolls" has been reprinted from the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute. He holds that the language of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty binds us to make no "discrimination in favor of that country which constructs and owns the canal, but which of its own volition yields any claim for preference." It follows, in his opinion, that the making of the Canal free of tolls for American coastwise vessels would be a violation of our treaty obligation. But he has a remedy to suggest. It is the amendment of our shipping laws so as to admit foreign vessels to that part of our coastwise trade which passes from one ocean to the other via the Canal. This would correspond to

what the French laws call "Grand Cabotage," as distinct from the "Petit Cabotage" which consists in plying from port to port along the coast. The latter would still be reserved for ships of American register, though foreign vessels would be allowed to take cargoes from New York through the Panama Canal to San Francisco or Seattle or Honolulu.

Admiral Stockton points out the advantages in the way of competition that would result from such a change in our navigation laws, as well as the relief from the charge of deliberately violating a treaty which could be obtained in that way. He takes note as follows of the argument that it is necessary to retain a complete monopoly of the coastwise trade in order to "build up a merchant marine for the United States":

In answer it can be stated that for over fifty years this trade has been in the hands of American-built merchantmen without having had any material results in the creation of an American merchant marine. In fact, our mercantile marine plying on and off our coast has been mainly a subsidiary to our great railway systems, with freight charges so arranged as not to affect its land freight charges when it comes in competition therewith, and really either to feed the lines alone or to give them advantages over competing railway systems.

The contempt with which certain politicians have dismissed the treatment of the big Trusts by the Administration and the courts as futile and laughable has been nowhere more marked than in connection with the Standard Oil case. But here comes Mr. C. D. Chamberlain, secretary and general counsel of the National Petroleum Association, an organization of independent refining companies, and tells us that the fight against monopoly in oil has been anything but futile. In a carefully thought-out discussion of the situation, he makes such statements as that the condition, in regard to the chance open for competitors, "continuously improved during the pendency of the Government's suit, and improvement has continued since the decree of dissolution"; and that, while "too short a period has elapsed since the disintegration of the Standard Oil combination to accurately estimate the full effect" of the Supreme Court's decree, "the independent companies have to-day an unrestricted and uncontrolled opportunity to carry on their business without unfair, secret, and oppressive

competition on the part of one great rival that they have not enjoyed for years past."

To charge unrestricted immigration with being one of the principal causes of the present discontent, and to argue in the next breath that the present discontent is the sign of a great moral awakening in the nation, is obviously unfair to the poor immigrant. But whether we call it plain discontent or a movement for moral and social regeneration, it is not out of place to inquire in what sections of the community the present unrest is chiefly localized. The revolt against the old parties and the old ideals has been strongest in the agricultural communities of the Middle West and the Far West, where the competition of immigrant labor is felt least of all. Certainly, the Western farmer has no grudge against the alien masses who have come in to swell the ranks of food consumers and so enriched the farmer in his capacity as food producer. The spirit of discontent, if we take Mr. Roosevelt's popularity as an index, is also strong in industrial communities like the Pennsylvania and West Virginia mine regions, where the bulk of the population is of immigrant origin, a state of affairs which would argue that the foreigner resents being forced to compete against himself.

Mr. Hapgood's resignation as editor of *Collier's* follows evidences of internal dissensions in that weekly, which have been for some weeks plain. This campaign left it in a very unpleasant situation. It had supported Roosevelt, in the hope that he would get the Republican nomination, and it had been filled with praise of Wilson, seemingly in the conviction that he would not get the Democratic nomination. The actual result of the Conventions was obviously awkward for *Collier's*. It began by announcing that it would hold the scales even as between Roosevelt and Wilson. Twitted with being "on the fence," it declared that on the fence it would stay. But in actual fact it has found itself first on one side, then on the other—often on both sides at once—but latterly, in its editorial columns at least, more and more strongly leaning to Wilson. But now Mr. Collier is to change all that, and, as editor himself, to make his publication in the future a thick-

and-thin Roosevelt organ. With all respect for the powers of the new editor, we doubt if he will be able in two weeks' time to decide the election.

What is termed a plan to complete the nationalization of Harvard is under consideration by the Harvard Club of Chicago. The project is to found scholarships of \$300 for freshmen in all States having fewer than four representatives at Cambridge. These States are all in the West and South. The first effort is to be in the direction of finding Harvard alumni in the States concerned who will endow such scholarships, but in the event of failure in this attempt, Harvard alumni clubs elsewhere will be asked to contribute towards a fund for this purpose. That the Chicago alumni are not inviting others to do something which they themselves are unwilling to do, is sufficiently evident from the fact that this club has a fund of \$5,000 for the assistance of Illinois high-school students who contemplate entering Harvard. An incidental consequence of this campaign for the "nationalization" of the university will doubtless be to increase the influence of the West and South in its governing boards. These sections of the country have been claiming and obtaining larger representation in the Board of Overseers, and the sending of more students to Harvard from their borders must strengthen the tendency towards the "nationalization" of the body which is directly responsible for its policy.

Not many can have read without a pang of true and keen sympathy of the death of William Rugh, the Gary, Indiana, newsboy who risked and lost his life to save that of a young girl whom he had never seen. One is at a loss to say whether the pathos, the chivalry, and the self-sacrifice of his act are more moving because of its unusual nature, or because of the feeling that it is typical of the quiet heroism which is to be found in thousands of men in the humblest walks of life. Hardly a railway disaster, a perilous fire, an accident on the water, but furnishes its tale of instant courage and self-forgetfulness. But there is something peculiarly touching in this quiet and undramatic sacrifice in the Gary hospital. The girl had suffered extensive burns through an explosion of gasoline in a motor-cycle.

When Rugh, a newsboy with a crippled leg, heard of this, and that only by the grafting of a large amount of cuticle could the girl's life be saved, he offered his crippled leg for amputation. He was warned that the operation might result fatally. "What's the odds," he said, "if it will only save her life? The leg is no good to me, and I have no friends to worry in case I die. Go ahead and cut it off." No heroics in it at all; but many a less knightly act has been embalmed in a hundred poems.

Writing in the *Century* about a certain popular didactic play, Mr. Belasco remarks that if the exceedingly long preachment had not been "somewhat cunningly introduced at the moment of greatest suspense," "the auditorium would have been emptied of its listeners long before the end of the dissertation." This might be passed by as a piece of conventional hyperbole. But if Mr. Belasco had stuck to the actual facts of his supposed case, he would have had to picture the theatre as filled with listeners longing to escape but helplessly glued to their seats. Why should they not escape? Is it not a ridiculous lack of resourcefulness that keeps them there? From the extreme infrequency of actual departures, one would suppose the audience to be under the impression that buying a ticket involves one in a contract to hear a play out. Many people, of course, think that plays are only relatively dull—that any play is better than no play at all. But those who complain afterwards of having lived through an evening of utmost boredom, should be made to ask themselves why they did it. We are too kind-hearted nowadays to hiss, but in "the argument of legs"—to use a happy phrase of Mrs. Gilman's—we have at hand a punishment that exactly fits the crime, and combines the minimum of disturbance with the maximum of effectiveness.

The latest outbreak in Mexico has not been precipitated by revolutionist successes in other parts of the country. On the contrary, in the north there is a decided cessation of rebel activity. The guerrilla campaign that followed the dispersal of Orozco's regular forces has nearly ended. But no sooner does appeasement come in one section of the country than revolt starts up in another section. If we take these successive uprisings as proof of a smouldering gen-

eral discontent with Madero and his policies, then the Government is indeed doomed. But Madero may yet find his salvation in the fact that the motives of the men who have risen against him are far from irreproachable. The revolution in the north, it is pretty well established, has been financed by followers of Porfirio Diaz. The revolt at Vera Cruz is headed by a nephew of the ex-Dictator. There must be a saving remnant in the Mexican people to whom it is quite clear that the fall of Madero must mean the restoration in whole or in part of the Diaz influence. The present Government has been charged with failing to redeem its promises of reform with regard to the land policy established under the Diaz régime. The reestablishment of the Diaz influence is hardly the way to bring about that reform.

What is this that Dr. Albert Weidemann, of Elberfeld, Germany, syndic of the chamber of commerce there and managing director of the Rhenish-Westphalian Textile Association—what is this that he is talking about? He had been speaking of the high perfection of organization in American industrial plants, and that is all right; but what does he mean when he goes on to chatter as follows:

We were greatly surprised, too, to see the extensive provision made everywhere for the comfort and welfare of the employees. The large number of rooms, gardens, playgrounds, and other devices for recreation were things which we did not most of us realize that America possessed.

Herr Dr. Weidemann is behind the times. The sort of thing he is telling us would have passed current in this country a few years ago, and indeed would have been regarded as a natural acknowledgment of the fortunate conditions to be found in our favored land; but we have got beyond all that now. Don't we all know that America is sadly behind all other countries, and especially behind Germany, in everything that pertains to the welfare of the working people? Does Dr. Weidemann expect to pull the wool over our eyes, and make us believe that there is any possible source of benefit for the masses other than the paternal care of a strong central government?

Mrs. Pankhurst wants war to break out in England as well as in the Balkans. It may be that her fervid declar-

ation, "I incite this meeting to rebellion," is only an echo of the recent bellicose talk of the Conservatives in Ulster. If Sir Edward Carson is to be hailed as "King," Mrs. Pankhurst ought to be dubbed "Queen." But seriously, her summons to her followers to indulge in every form of violence except attempts to take life, will only alienate still more of her former associates, and do her cause great harm. One thing is certain: if the militant suffragists set out deliberately to violate the laws and defy the authorities, they cannot complain when punishment is inflicted on them. You can't be a willing martyr and at the same time cry out against the hardships of the martyr's lot.

Every broad-minded American will rejoice at the part which this country has played in bringing about a good understanding between Japan and Russia, even though it has involved a series of rebuffs to our Government from both the others. The initial repulse has just come to light in an address by a Japanese which is dignified by publication in the *Eastern Review*. It was nothing less than the refusal of Russia to enter into an alliance with us. This event occurred in 1907, when Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, paid a visit to St. Petersburg by way of Siberia. A few journals suggested at the time that he had important objects in view, but their "voice was too weak to attract the attention of the people in general." This wise man of Tokio, however, was not to be caught napping. Soon after Mr. Taft had left the Russian capital, this Japanese made a journey to Southern Russia, where he, "strangely enough, learned that Russian officers there were busy studying English." The significance of this was plain. "If Russia, from sheer enmity towards Japan, had jumped at the proposed hand, who knows what would have been the effect on the Far East? But she refused." Then came the rejection by both Russia and Japan of Mr. Knox's proposal for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, and now has followed "Russia's abnegation of the Russo-American treaty" regarding the equal treatment of all American citizens. These disclosures may take away Mr. Taft's last hope of reflection, but he can solace himself with having unconsciously contributed to the peace of the Orient.

THE "MONOPOLY ISSUE."

From the long explanation put forth on Saturday by Mr. Roosevelt, regarding his position on Trusts and monopolies, it is evident enough that he has become aware of how the public feels about licensing monopolies. He is accused, he says, by Gov. Wilson and Mr. Brandeis, of "endeavoring to legalize monopolies by a commission, which would have police power to say to a favored corporation, 'You are legal,' and to an unfavored corporation, 'You are illegal.'" This, Mr. Roosevelt proceeds, is not only not his position, but the antithesis of his position. He adds:

I am accused of wanting to give the commission the power to fix prices. I do not want to provide that. I fancy the commission would be so busy for a time in enforcing laws that it would not want to concern itself with prices.

This last statement looks a bit like begging the question; but let that pass. What Mr. Roosevelt did say in his speech of August 6 to the Bull Moose Convention at Chicago—we quote the reprint of that speech given out from the Progressive headquarters—was that "any corporation voluntarily coming under the commission should not be prosecuted under the Anti-Trust law, so long as it obeys in good faith the orders of the commission." "Any corporation" is a fairly broad term. What Mr. Roosevelt said in his address to the Ohio Constitutional Convention, last February, was that, where regulation by competition proves insufficient, "we should not shrink from bringing Government regulation to the point of control of monopoly prices." The same declaration, in almost identical language, was made in his widely quoted *Outlook* article of last November.

This little inconsistency of Mr. Roosevelt's is only one of the signs that the Third Party has found its plank on Trusts and monopolies a serious handicap to its campaign.

From the first appearance of the "Trust movement," in its shape of the last dozen years, the American citizen has protested against control of the fortunes of any industry by a corporation or body of corporations, built up by the capital of promoters with the purpose of suppressing competition. He has heard, especially these last two or three years of Anti-Trust law prosecutions, a good deal to the effect that the "era of competition is dead" and that

its death was essential for industrial welfare. But he has had in his inmost heart the conviction that these assertions were the last line of defence for the very monopolies or potential monopolies which he dreaded.

In the light of this conviction, he formed his opinion on the subsequent propositions. When the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, two years ago, urged continued dominance by such huge trade combinations—subject, however, to restraint, through a Federal commission, on the raising of prices for their commodities too high—the ordinary American was quick to express his double inference, first, that this proposal was an expedient to perpetuate exactly those conditions which he feared, and secondly, that, if adopted, it would lead the nation far along on the path to the system of state socialism which he detested. He may have had momentary doubts as to whether, for the sake of preserving trade prosperity, the idea of licensed monopoly might not have become inevitable. But he has listened since then to ex-Senator Edmunds's exposition of the probability that such a commission, instead of controlling the Trusts, would itself be controlled by them through the politicians. He has read Mr. Brandeis's demonstration that, in point of fact, economies in production and capture of neutral markets have been achieved, not by the Trusts, but by independent competitive producers.

His plain common sense taught him that both these views were right. To an electorate in this state of mind came the Progressive party, with its platform advocating precisely that relation between government and monopoly, and with its early campaign speeches reiterating the assertion that the era of competition was and ought to be at an end.

In last week's *Independent*, Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia writes on "The Parties and the Supreme Issue." He vows himself a Republican and the descendant of a long line of Republicans. But on what he regards as the real issue of the campaign, he aligns himself with the Democratic party. That overshadowing issue, he declares, is the treatment of the great business corporations. He rejects the Republican party's programme on this matter, because those protective duties

which "make exorbitant prices possible in the American market, and leave a Trust free from danger from foreign rivals and able to use its resources in crushing competitors at home," are upheld by it. Turning to the Third Party, he takes up its notion of letting "good Trusts" alone and regulating prices of their products through an administrative commission.

The complexity and difficulty of the plan, its "chances of error and of corrupting influence," every one can recognize. But there is a far more serious objection:

With the world crowding itself more and more densely with people, the art of extracting a living from it must be practiced more and more effectively. We must invent new machinery, discover new raw materials, use new motive power. . . . Otherwise humanity will grow poorer with every passing decade. The only thing that can guarantee such progress is competition.

The evidence is readily at hand. What motive has monopoly—especially monopoly licensed by law but regulated as to prices—for progress of this sort? When a producer, under such régime, lowered the cost of his product, he would merely be inviting reduction of the price of it. The spur of competition gone, the motive for progressive economy would vanish with it. The instinct of such "regulated monopoly," with competition dead, would be to "adhere to old methods and keep its antiquated appliances." Monopoly, by the nature of the case, "is hostile to progress"; the promises of the Progressive platform may easily "amount to a surrender to monopoly," and "a proposal of price regulation involves some expectation of thus surrendering."

So much for this economist's verdict on the Third Party's attitude towards that issue. It is coupled with the frank admission that the Democratic party, through its promise of reasonable reform of abuses in the tariff, and its declaration that competition must be preserved and that no corporation should be allowed to become monopoly, offers the single solution of the problem. "The vital incentive to progress," concludes this Republican critic of the Democratic platform, "the hope of large future production, the prospect of a rising level for human life, are staked on this restoration of the force that insures them."

It may be that Professor Clark has merely expressed in words the suspicions and misgivings already pervading

every thinking mind. But it is well to have such indictments of a political declaration framed in convincing language—as was done (with almost equal reluctance, because of old associations) by Senator Lodge in regard to the party's judiciary plank, and as might be done, if it were worth the trouble, in regard to its Populistic declaration on the currency. We imagine that when the political history of 1912 is written for the next generation, the student will be invited to consider the extraordinary incident of a party platform, in a year when the whole electorate was crying out at the rising cost of living, calmly inviting that electorate to ratify a plan for licensing monopolies in the necessities of life.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

Despite the well-known fact that, as John Morley has put it, "historical parallels are a snare to working statesmen," they continue to be pressed into service. That working statesman, the President of the United States, is the latest to seek comfort in what he supposes to be an analogy between the past and the present. The common opinion to-day is that the Republican party will be beaten in November, if for no other reason, because it is badly split up. But this does not follow, declares Mr. Taft. "Fifty-two years ago," he remarks in a statement of rather forced good cheer, "seceders from the Union thought they were facing a divided North and would win an easy victory." But "history teaches us" that they did not, and in this the President sees a bad omen for the Democrats. It would be just like the latter, however, to affirm that the year 1860 is a particularly unhappy one for the President to cite. For in that Presidential campaign the Republican party faced a divided Democracy, and expected to win, and did in fact win, a victory on account of the dissensions of its opponents. If parallels are to be drawn with fifty-two years ago, this is the one that really applies to the present year of grace. The only alternative is to maintain that Republicans have a monopoly of historical parallels, as of the other good things of life, and that the Democrats cannot win even when they have both history and mathematics on their side.

But does not history repeat itself? Yes, but usually with a difference; and

to detect that difference is the great task—we might almost say the despair—of those who seek accurate guidance for to-day from yesterday. Most scientific historians of the present time would agree with Lotze that there is no such thing as a philosophy of history in the sense that it enables us to predict the future. The true function of history is not so much to solve present-day questions as to teach us to examine, to be cautious, to weigh evidence; constantly reminding us that those who are nearest to some great event seldom fully understand it. This is not to deny that historical parallels are highly interesting. They are often very illuminating. But it is always possible that they may mislead us. No two men, however wide their knowledge or keen their insight, will read the moral the same.

Mr. Bryce has touched with his usual mastery upon the fallacies that lurk in historians' parallels. He gave an amusing illustration which has its significance for what is now going on in the Near East. It was in 1876, at the time of the great agitation over the Bulgarian massacres and the course which Great Britain ought to pursue, that Mr. Bryce one day met an eminent professor of history. He was a man very fond of talking about historical knowledge as the only true guide to modern politics. They began speaking of the crisis, and what followed may be given in Mr. Bryce's words:

I said, "Here is a fine opportunity for applying your doctrines. Party politicians may be divided, but no student of history can doubt which is the right course for the Government to follow towards Russia and the Turks."

"Certainly," he replied, "the teachings of history are plain."

"You mean, of course," I said, scenting some signs of disagreement, "that we ought to warn the Sultan that he is wholly in the wrong and can have no support from us?"

"No, indeed," rejoined my friend, "I mean just the opposite."

It is probable that the break-up of the Whig party, after 1856, with its disappearance in the Republican party, has given more aid and comfort—and brought more disappointment—than any other event in the history of our politics. Innovators and founders of new parties have ever since been arguing and hoping from it. For many years the Prohibitionist party cherished the belief that it would do to the Republican party what the Republican did to

the Whig. In the other political camp, the Populists were confident, about twenty years ago, that they were to push aside or absorb the Democratic party. But it was the Populists who were swallowed and became lost to sight; and the Prohibitionists have had to give way to the Progressives as the party that is going to be the death of the Republican, as it was of the Whig. No prediction is more frequently heard from Progressives than that 1912 is to stand with 1856 in our political history. They are fascinated by the parallel, which they imagine to be exact in every particular. But the Republican party has several times before this year refused to break up or die, as in decent consideration for the prophets it should have done, and it may again fool those who are sitting by its bedside and expecting soon to enter upon its estate. If it does die, we may be sure that the cause of death will not be a lethal historical parallel.

To go back to Mr. Taft's parallel, it cannot, of course, be said that a divided party is without exception a beaten party, but the general rule is certainly that way. And in politics men will, after all the subtle reasoning addressed to them, fall back upon what they believe to be experience, averages, and general rules. The thing was neatly stated by Col. Hay in 1896. A correspondent, anxious as he was for the election of McKinley, wrote him with apprehension about the formation of the Gold Democratic party. He feared it would draw many votes that would otherwise go to the Republicans. Col. Hay, in a private letter, said that it might be so; he wasn't much of a politician, and events might be getting away from him; but somehow he couldn't get over the homely notion that you had a better chance when your opponents were divided and quarrelling.

A BAFFLING WAR.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the world has stood by with a sense of helpless dismay as Turkey and the Balkan states have plunged into war. The conflict seemed so preventable. For weeks we had assurances that it would be prevented. Diplomacy was to strain all its resources. The financial world was to interpose obstacles. Reason and statesmanlike prudence were to be made

effective. Above all, the humane feeling of the nations was to assert itself. It could not be that a war, of which the causes were not clear, and after which the Great Powers of Europe—what Kinglake called the Great Tradition—would not permit even the conqueror to reap the fruits of victory, would burst upon civilization and take it by surprise.

In this attitude of mind attentive observers were strengthened by the activity of the European Governments. It may be that these waked late to the peril, but they bestirred themselves in ways that before have been effective. For our part, we do not question the good faith of these diplomatic efforts. It is easy to throw out hints and suspicions of intrigue and secret countermining in such affairs, but in this instance, at least, the interests of the nations concerned were too much at one with their professions to make it anything but an abuse of skepticism to challenge their sincerity. Germany and England, France and Russia and Austria, labored earnestly and honestly to avert hostilities. On this point, the official statement of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons is conclusive. The Foreign Secretary declared that the Great Powers were of one mind in taking steps to preserve peace in the Balkans. They were all agreed, he said, in the representations to be made both at Constantinople and to the Balkan states, and spoke of this fact as almost a "guarantee" of peace. The result is nearly as bitter a comment on the prescience of statesmen as was the breaking out of the Franco-German war just after another English Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville, had assured Parliament that there was not a cloud on the European horizon.

To assert of the diplomatic negotiations which were undertaken to prevent the war that they were serious and in good faith, is not, however, the same thing as saying that they were eminently skilful. The Great Powers had come to an agreement upon two lines of procedure. The first was to impress in the strongest way upon Turkey the necessity of carrying out the reforms promised by the Treaty of Berlin, especially as affects the Christian populations. But a difficulty arose, according to the *Paris Temps*, about the manner in which this pressure was to be brought to bear at

Constantinople. The French and Russian Foreign Offices desired that the note should be collectively to the Porte by all the Ambassadors in Constantinople. But Sir Edward Grey objected that this would carry the semblance of a threat, and insisted upon having the representations made individually. To this M. Poincaré and M. Sazonoff finally assented. But the Turk has of old known how to deal with the Powers when they came one by one. The other action agreed upon by the diplomats was to let the Balkan principalities understand in the plainest way that the Great Powers would not permit a war to bring about "any change in the *status quo* in Southeastern Europe." Russia and Austria, as the nations most directly concerned, were chosen to make this representation. If it was strongly made, and the evidence of intention to back it up was perfectly clear, it would indeed seem to take away the motive of territorial enlargement, and by so much to justify the confidence of the diplomatic world that there would be no war.

That war should have been precipitated, in spite of all, no doubt argues great secular causes at work. Deep animosities, of both race and religion, lie behind the outbreak. Nor on either side is the record clean. We have heard much of the wrongs of the Christians in Macedonia, and doubtless they have been grievous. They are put in the forefront of the proclamation of war by the King of Bulgaria, who would give the war the appearance of a sacred crusade. Without denying the grievances and cruelties which he recites, we must yet ask if the skirts of the Christians of that region are entirely clear, and if bloody retaliation, as well as governmental oppression, has not been suffered by Moslems as well as Christians. On this point an educated Turk now in England, Halil Halid Bey, a member of the Young Turkish party, recently said to the *Manchester Guardian*: "I wish I could get people honestly to compare the condition of the Christians in Turkey with that of Moslems in Bulgaria. There are still 600,000 Mohammedans living in Bulgaria, and their condition is intolerable and abominable. We hear little about that."

The feeling of humanity, confessing itself baffled and cast down by the coming of this war, is yet manifesting itself in various ways. The Red Cross is

preparing to take the field. Funds are asked to help relieve the wounded and the destitute. Already moving stories are arriving about the suffering witnessed by military correspondents. The Montenegrin hospital service is wholly inadequate. Slackness and filth abound. The surgeons are listless and inattentive. All this, and much more like it, is expected to appeal powerfully to the humane instincts of the civilized world. So it should appeal, and we hope the response may be as generous as the need is great. But we are thrown back by it all upon the original puzzle—why must humanity be compelled to keep on simply relieving the victims of war, and giving shining examples of self-sacrifice amid its horrible barbarities, yet continue powerless to prevent the recurrence of these savageries? The best sentiments of mankind cannot be forever thwarted in this way.

"FREEING" WRITTEN ENGLISH.

In the November *Harper's*, Professor Lounsbury returns to a subject near his heart. To confute the modern purist in English he has a lovely array of bad usage gathered from reputable writers. The confusion of "who" with "whom," and *vice versa*, which one readily falls into in conversation, he finds in the printed page. We infer from the drift of his article that the most flagrant of these instances does not offend his ear. Sir John Mackintosh, writing to his daughters in 1813, says, "I found the whole fashionable literary world occupied with Madame de Staël, whom you know was the author of 'Corinne.'" We are told again of Milton's "than whom," and are assured that the "It is I," for which some of us virtuously hold out against "It is me," is not the "etymologically correct form" at all. If we insist upon being purists, we should say "it am I"! In proof whereof listen to Palemon in Chaucer's "Knight's Tale":

I am thy mortal foe, and *it am I*,
That loveth so hotly Emily the bright
That I will die present in her sight.

It would not do to retort that possibly Palemon's language is meant to reflect the incoherence of his great passion, for undoubtedly Professor Lounsbury has other examples on hand.

We are not so much troubled about the various "irregularities" for which the writer contends (although many of them seem hardly fair tests, since they

are taken from conversation, which even among well-educated people is seldom in the form they use in writing) as we are concerned for the principle involved. It is a small matter that Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in "The Rivals," should ask, "Who the devil is he talking to?" or the mother in "Pride and Prejudice" say, "Who is it from?" Such citations are good arguments to fling at the old-fashioned school-marm. There can, of course, be no strict application of logic to language, with no leeway granted for the growth of idiom. As well might logic be imposed upon English pronunciation. And it is true that those persons who believe in the one principle are likely to attempt the other. Cambridge still talks of the worthy dame from the West who bought her meat from the "män ät the Mänhättän Market," making every "a" as broad as Boston. But we had supposed that the typical pedant was well-nigh extinct, together with his favorite doctrine, "A preposition is a bad word to end a sentence with."

The tendency in teaching has seemed to be much in the opposite direction of late. Time was when grammars were as important text-books as any in the curriculum. Students respected rules for English quite as much as those for Latin. This was the attitude which produced Lowell and Holmes, as well as that slightly stilted but substantial style which nearly every educated gentleman could handle. There is no mistaking it. It looks out sturdily from the majority of volumes of that past generation. Sense of rule, sense of form, guided it and made of it a somewhat conscious medium of art. But recently the study of English composition has largely supplanted that of grammar. Lists of selections form the text, and boys and girls are set to imitating various types and manners. What has happened is that the emphasis has been shifted from one of the usually-held factors of good usage to the other. Rule (which ultimately, of course, gets its authority from the consensus of careful writers) has largely yielded to the sway of immediate precedent. Professor Lounsbury is therefore merely in the advance guard of a movement which has become pretty general. Just at this time when democratic impulses are to the fore, the radical wing of the movement is made to have the look of an emancipation proclamation: Let us

sanction as good usage what the majority of the people write. Precedent, in reality, is sought merely to confirm popular looseness and freedom of utterance.

Professor Lounsbury realizes that many persons say "between you and I," and his scholarship reminds him that this construction is to be found in Shakespeare. What better precedent could one desire? "Like I do" is a pretty common error; yet why call it an error when it has perhaps been used by Defoe? The principle is dangerous, for every one knows that an amazing list of awkward and careless expressions could be gathered from the range of English masterpieces. Professor Hill of Harvard was not opening himself to ridicule in noting with a chuckle a mistake here and there in George Elliot, Dickens, and others. If present usage is to be largely controlled by haphazard precedent, the question arises, Where shall we stop? Would Professor Lounsbury reinstate the eighteenth-century "you was"? or would he accept the latest ephemeral vulgarity of the Broadway dialect? The fact is that, if we wish to learn good English, we must go not to the scholar who spends his life cataloguing words and phrases, but to the cultivated man who has trained his sense of language by much familiarity with the standard writers and who has learned to distinguish between what is sporadic and what is normal.

In point of fact, rules for written English appear to us to be needed now as never before, and a bulwark should be thrown up against the encroachment of the colloquial. As matters stand, there is little danger that the written word will drag far behind the spoken word, and therefore fail to reflect accurately the life of the day. We all know how smart it is to fill an article or an essay with the last cry. This cannot go on indefinitely without breaking down the structure of English and destroying its use for complicated and subtle expression. Rules, naturally, will not be tyrants in such a matter as a living language, which must grow with the time. And we have no desire to see hindrances placed in the way of forming those new, robustious combinations which every age has invented. But this is very different from giving sanction to careless thought and speech by recourse to specific example. Such

broadmindedness amounts to an inverted sort of pedantry which is itself a slave to rule of thumb.

CORNER MEETINGS.

At eight o'clock sharp the strains of a robust brass band enter the open window and inform the household that, two blocks away where the subway and the trolley lines meet, everybody is doing it. At five minutes past eight a militant fife and drum corps parading the sidewalk gives utterance to the earnest desire that it might immediately be transported to Dixie. The head of the house puts down his evening paper and wonders whether a breath of fresh air would not do him good. The woman of the house, who is busy putting a fretful child to sleep, wishes devoutly that the campaign were at an end. The orchestral prelude subsides, and through the clear October air come the explosive upper notes peculiar to out-of-doors elocution. The householder puts on his hat and goes out. At diagonally opposite corners, where the avenue and the street cross, he finds the rival orators at work. As he approaches, one speaker lifts his finger as high as it will go, leans forward on his toes, and inquires of his audience whether they think it right that all the money in the country should be allowed to accumulate in the hands of a dozen men. Almost simultaneously the speaker on the opposite corner clenches his fists and demands what, with beef at 23 cents a pound, are the people of this country going to do about it? Each speaker is surrounded by an inner girdle of small boys. The adult male population stands a little further back. On the fringe of the crowd are the women, most of whom have paused to listen on their way to the drug-gist's.

The corner orator is the victim of a misconception. It is quite unjust to describe his efforts as cart-tail oratory with all that this term implies of undignified, violent, unscrupulous, and ungrammatical propaganda. The charge of bad grammar may hold true, but as for the other counts, we need only compare the corner orator's methods with those employed by the big guns of the campaigns, Congressmen, Governors, and United States Senators. It is the men of light and leading who go in extensively for vague declamation and for personal abuse. The corner orator sel-

dom indulges in vituperation. His great strength is in statistics. These he uses with a fluency and a dynamic force that make strong men tremble. His memory is phenomenal. He has at his finger ends the number of children in New England and the North Atlantic States between the ages of six and eleven who suffer from adenoids; the value in millions of dollars of the Columbia River salmon catch under the first Administration of Grover Cleveland as compared with the period since the Spanish-American War; the percentage of decrease in our importation of German cotton goods and Scotch herrings; the annual expenditure on army and navy since 1905; the rise in New York city's tax rate during the same period. The bystanders find it rather difficult to follow him in the details of his statistical analysis; but they add up the value of the salmon catch on the Pacific Coast, the value of German cotton goods, the military and naval expenditure, the municipal tax rate, and the percentage of children with adenoids, and finding that the total runs up into billions they are greatly impressed.

It is only in his climaxes that the cart-tail advocate indulges himself in a bit of the old-fashioned oratory. Having driven the aforesaid total of billions of dollars deep into the minds of his audience, he lifts his finger again as high as it will go, and asks if any reasonable person can entertain the slightest doubt that the only man to deal effectively with the critical state of affairs so clearly revealed, is that sterling patriot, that man of the people, that disinterested patriot, that undaunted champion of popular rights, that courageous, tender-hearted, steadfast patriot, who has always been on the side of the people against the Trusts, who was born and brought up in the district, and who can confidently be expected to see to it that the national heritage of liberty and equality shall be perpetuated—William J. Smith. Sometimes the circle of small boys begins to cheer before the orator pronounces the name of William J. Smith. Sometimes the orator exhausts himself in piling up his climax and loses his breath just as he is about to pronounce the candidate's name. But in either case no harm is done. Behind the speaker is a large lithograph illuminated by kerosene torches, leaving no possibility for mistake as to the identity of the sterling patriot in ques-

tion. The speaker, with a final injunction to his hearers that the fate of the country is in their hands, sits down, and the band reinforces the point with the announcement that any little girl that's a nice little girl is good enough for the musicians.

In this manner the contest between the diagonal corners continues. Towards ten o'clock most of the small boys have been discovered in the crowd by anxious parents, and led off protesting. The women have finished their errands at the druggist's and have disappeared, except where here and there a young couple disengages itself from the crowd and is lost in the open door of an ice-cream parlor. Groups of male voters, by twos and threes, after drifting back and forth between the two camps, retire to a quiet spot and discuss the issues for themselves. The orators succeed one another rapidly, and give increasing evidence of throat-strain. The patrolman swings his club with growing impatience. At 10:30 the householder turns away, feeling in his pocket for the latchkey. At 10:45, through the open window, he is apprised of the fact that everybody is still doing it, and that the lure of Dixie is as potent as ever with the members of the fife and drum corps. The householder picks up his evening paper, yawns over the editorial page, glances at the weather forecast, and goes to bed.

HERRICK.

Two years ago Professor Moorman of the University of Leeds published a solid volume on Herrick, whose bulk was justified by an excellent chapter on the Lyric of the English Renaissance. Now, from the prolific literary shops of Paris, we have another thick book on the same subject.* M. Delattre is learned and judicious. His indefatigable research has unearthed one or two documents which add a little, a very little, to our knowledge of Herrick the man, and his French training has saved him from the uncritical attitude of laudation towards Herrick the poet, which is too common among English writers. But five hundred ample pages of analysis devoted to so light a theme are an intolerable tax on human patience. A long chapter on *Les Idées Morales*, a long chapter on *Les Idées Religieuses*,

* *Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study.* By F. W. Moorman. New York: John Lane Co. 1910.

Robert Herrick: Contribution à l'étude de la poésie lyrique en Angleterre au dix-septième siècle. Par Floris Delattre. Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan. 1912.

a long chapter on *L'imitation*, etc., etc.—you might suppose you were reading about Aristotle instead of a votary of the "mad maiden" Muse. Really, to *lâcher le mot*, as they say in M. Delattre's own country, this sort of thing is a monstrosity; the French, in their recent studies of English literature, bid fair to make their rivals over the Rhine appear in comparison moderate and sensible.

I.

As for Herrick's life, after all this ransacking of records, we know but little. He was born in London, in 1591. His father, a prosperous goldsmith, "in the Goulsmeth Rowe in Cheap," in the year after Robert's birth "did throwe himselfe forthe of a garret window in London aforesaide whereby he did kill and destroye himself." After this event, whether suicide or accident, the mother retired with her family to Hampton, where the boy got his first taste of country life. As Mr. Moorman aptly says, "the Hampton scenery is of that quiet sylvan and pastoral character which accords well with the prevailing mood of the *Hesperides*."

Where he got his schooling is not known, but in his seventeenth year he was apprenticed to his uncle, Sir William, also a prosperous goldsmith in London. No doubt the jocund life of the 'prentice boys of those days left its mark on the lad, and it is a pretty conjecture that such poems as "Corinna's Going a Maying" were the direct or indirect fruit of that experience. It is more essential to observe that his family associations were with the solid, prudent, home-loving bourgeoisie of Elizabethan London; something of that quality he seems to have kept to the end of his years.

In 1613 Herrick went up to Cambridge, and was enrolled as a fellow commoner at St. John's College, from which he afterwards transferred himself to Trinity. He graduated in 1617, and three years later proceeded M.A. We know almost nothing of his life in Cambridge, nor is it even certain when he gave up residence. The important matter is that he brought back to London a mind steeped in the Latin and, to a less extent, the Greek poets, with the result that scarcely will you find a book of English verse more replete with classical reminiscences. He belonged by right to the "university wits," and could hold his own in the circle over which Jonson ruled uproariously and divinely, an Apollo of shameful girth.

Just when or how Herrick became "sealed of the tribe of Ben" is not recorded, but of his intimacy with the master there can be no doubt. Many of his lyrics, we may surmise, were first heard at

those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;

and he was well fitted, by his union of classical taste and convivial joyousness, to obey the famous Laws engraved over the chimney-piece of the chamber in the Devil and St. Dunstan. In some respects he carried out better than any other of the Caroline poets the Elizabethan tradition as it was modified by the critical dictator; certainly no one of the younger men was more loyal to the great name or celebrated it in sweeter measures:

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben to aid me.

That, manifestly, was the real religion of Herrick—a pretty paganism masquerading in Christian forms and with no sense of the incongruity in such a mixture. We are to-day, perhaps, unduly impressed by this contamination (in the technical meaning) of blending Apollo and Jesus, Saint Ben and St. Paul, because the contemporary religious poets were turning for their inspiration to a pure Platonic Christianity, and because Herrick was a priest of the church in good and regular standing. Again we are quite ignorant of the reasons which led him to take orders and of the time of his consecration. The most surprising thing in his life is suddenly to hear of him as chaplain in Buckingham's army on the ill-fated expedition to the Isle of Rhé in 1627. Two years after this he was presented to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, and we have henceforth to think of our votary of the Muses as a country parson. There is evidence a-plenty that he had moments of rebellion against this exile from Fleet Street. The pretty stream that bounded his parish he hated for its "warty incivility," and his plain parishioners were

A people currish, churilish, as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest savages.

There is in his verse not a trace of that feeling of high consecration in office which made the very presence of Herrick on the roads a benediction to the men laboring in the fields; there is nothing of that love of solitary nature which changed the exile of Vaughan into a sojourn, as it were, with the spirit of God on the Delectable Mountains; but, on the contrary, no poet has preserved kindlier memories of the customs at harvest-home and Christmas and at other times of wassail and good cheer. One suspects that he never got close to the heart of the people about him or understood their more intimate joys and sorrows, just as the diviner aspects of the hills had no meaning for him. His imagination is "for sports, for pageantries, for plays," and his mind rarely rises higher than the prettiness of a flower. Not often is he as serene and large as in this praise of the fields:

This done, then to the enamell'd meads
Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,

Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And Smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.

Apparently Herrick felt relief when, in 1647, Cromwell's men ejected him from Dean Prior, yet in 1660 we find him making petition to "the Lords in Parliament Assembled" to be restored to his living, and two years later he returns to his old charge. His burial is noted in the parish register under the date of October 15, 1674, but no stone marks his place of rest in the village churchyard.

II.

At earlier dates Herrick had published one or two poems in collections of the day, but the only book entirely from his pen was brought out in London the year after his ejection from Dean Prior. This volume is composed of two parts: the first, with the general title page, "Hesperides: or, The Works Both Human and Divine," contains only the secular poems and is dated 1648; the second, with a separate title page, "His Noble Numbers; or, His Pious Pieces," bears the date 1647. Just why the book was published in this form we cannot say, and, indeed, the whole composition of the volume is something of a mystery. There are indications that the order of the poems is not entirely without design, but for the most part, with the exception of the main division into secular and sacred, they are jumbled together in the most "admired disorder."

As for the critical estimation of the book, I confess that I give my opinion with diffidence and some uneasiness, for when I read what has been written of Herrick by competent judges, I am left in a state of bewilderment. Thus Lowell thought Herrick "the most Catullian of poets since Catullus"; yet certainly the spirit of these two poets is totally estranged. In fact, Professor Moorman has brought out this estrangement by an apt comparison:

Herrick reproduces the somewhat fanciful lines:

Da mi basia mille, deinde centum;
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum;
Dein usque altera mille, deinde centum—

cleverly enough:

Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score;
Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred; so kiss on,
To make that thousand up a million.

But, unmoved by the passion and poignancy of the foregoing verses—

Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis, quum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda—

he substitutes for them some of his grossest lines.

That is well put, yet Professor Moorman proceeds to institute a comparison of Herrick with Horace which appears as far strained as that with Catullus. It would be easy to show that "His Age" misses the gravity of the Horatian *Eheu fugaces* just as completely as the Catul-

lian imitation missed the passion and poignancy of its original. And what shall be said of such epithets as "a certain massiveness, a resonance, and an august, imperial splendor," even though Professor Moorman applies them to the exceptional poem in the "Hesperides" and not to the mass? Or what shall we say of such a phrase as "dreamy reverie" used by the same writer to characterize the love-songs? Our other biographer of Herrick, M. Delattre, finds in him many points of resemblance with La Fontaine. Palgrave, though his critical estimate of Herrick is in some respects excellent, yet goes out of the way to liken his spirit to Alfred de Musset's, and even associates him with Homer and Dante. Edmund Gosse thinks that "as a lyricist generally he is scarcely excelled, except by Shelley." Professor Saintsbury exclaims that "there is nothing in English verse to equal [the 'Litany'] as an expression of religious fear; while there is also nothing in English verse to equal the 'Thanksgiving,' . . . as an expression of religious trust." And to Swinburne the whole lyric movement of the age "culminates in the crowning star of Herrick!"

Now all these critics, unless it be the alliterative last, show true discernment at times in their judgment of Herrick, but to such comparisons and laudations as these here brought together, I for one can only respond with a *Non possumus*. I simply cannot feel these raptures in the "Hesperides"; I cannot perceive these qualities. A passage from Professor Moorman's chapter in the "Cambridge History of English Literature" (VII, 17) seems to me, both by its truth and by its error, to point to a scunder estimate:

He [Herrick] lacks, it is true, the highest gift of all—that of touching the deepest chords in human nature, and of rousing men to high purposes and high enthusiasms. But this lack of intensity is common to him and to the renaissance lyricists as a whole. For the renaissance song is that of a nation still in its childhood, unconscious, as yet, of conflicting emotions, or complexity of thought, and knowing nothing of the burden of modernity.

The error here is flagrant. To say that the lyric poets of the seventeenth century, because they were unaffected by the burden of modernity, did not touch the deepest chords in human nature, is merely to write one's self down a victim of that conceit of the present which is starving so many souls in our generation. He who discovers something deeper in the enthusiasm of Shelley, as do Professor Moorman and others of his school, than in the ancient passions of love and beauty and death and the glory of everlastingness, belongs in reality in the same class with that eighteenth-century critic of Herrick, honest Nathan Drake, who, in one of his essays, extends the happy content of his modernity so far as to announce that "lyric

poetry may be said to have had no existence among us before Dryden composed his celebrated ode." But Professor Moorman, on the other hand, is right in saying, as others have said, of Herrick in particular, that he lacked the highest gift. Indeed, I suspect that the real key to the secret of the "Hesperides" is to be found in this failure to touch the deepest emotions combined with a singularly high level of technical excellence.

III.

As a whole, the lyric poetry of Herrick's age is marked by three characteristics: the repetition of conventional themes, a general amateurishness of execution, with the occasional elevation to supreme beauty of form and intensity of emotion. By the first of these traits nothing derogatory is meant. All ages of creative power have their peculiar round of themes, and it would scarcely be going too far to say of any period that its measure of greatness is almost in proportion to its loyalty to a convention in selecting the material of art. As for the Jacobean and Caroline lyrics, I have often thought that a most interesting and instructive anthology could be made by grouping together the principal pieces under easily defined topics. Two things, I think, would appear from such an anthology. In the first place, in almost every subject we should find that Herrick had risen high, but had not quite reached the perfection of some one poem of another author. In the general field of love he has written much and well, but there is no number of his which has qualities worthy to stand beside the supreme loveliness and pathos of Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Yet Professor Moorman can say without reserve that "at every point the disciple transcends the master," and can with complacency quote the words of Swinburne, than which no critical statement could be more fatuously wrong: "So we turn from Jonson to Herrick; and so do we recognize the lyric poet as distinguished from the writer who may or may not have every gift but one in higher development of excellence and in fuller perfection of power, but who is utterly and absolutely transcended and shone down by his probably unconscious competitor on the proper and peculiar ground of pure and simple poetry." It is time that the truth were said and known: Swinburne as a critic is mere sound and fury, signifying nothing; to quote him as an authority is to stultify one's self.

But that is by the way. If we turn to the more specific expressions of love we shall see that here also Herrick rises high, but never quite to the summit. Thus he has written his verses "To the Rose":

Go, happy Rose, and interweave
With other flowers, bind my Love.

Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

It is a fair rendering of a theme as old as the Greek Anthology and much affected by our Caroline poets, but place beside it the lines of Waller:

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

The one is pretty; the other has that indescribable thrill of emotion, that swift hint of some obscure connection between things on the surface and the deepest privacies of the heart, which marks the great lyric. You will search in vain through the whole of Herrick for any mate to the second line, so simple in expression yet so complex in meaning, of this stanza of Waller's.

For the rest I can only indicate the points of comparison. Herrick has written of the bracelet that was to bind two lovers together; again he is pretty, but what a world of feeling lies between that prettiness and the passion of Donne's "bracelet of bright hair about the bone"! Herrick has played on the conventional fancy of cherry-red lips:

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come, and buy.

Who does not feel the difference between such easy, fluent lines and the lyric ecstasy of Campion whom he has imitated?—

Her Eyes like Angels watch them still;
Her Brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Again Herrick has touched on the common theme of flowers dying and having their resurrection in the beauty of a woman's face, and again he has missed the supreme alchemy of such lines as those of Carew:

Ask no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

He has catalogued with wanton dalliance the charms of his mistress's body, but something of the full luxury of the flesh seems still lacking when we compare his verse with Donne's twentieth "Elegy" or Carew's "Rapture." He has boasted the free joys of inconstancy, but beside the splendid audacity of Suckling how timid he appears. And so one might go on through almost the whole range of the lyric convention of the day. Even where, as in one or two of his religious poems, he rises above the level of his daily Muse, these comparisons will crowd into the mind. I would say nothing to deprive his Noble Numbers on "Eternity" and "The White Island" of their fair and calm loveliness, yet withal it cannot be denied that they

move on a lower plain, that they have less of the sheer exultation of glory, than Vaughan's blinding vision of the World of Light. I feel the same lessening of things divine in the famous "Litany":

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

I would not charge this prayer or any of Herrick's religious poems with insincerity; as far as he felt, the words are true; nevertheless something has been left out of the writer's imagination. That word "comfort" which sings so deeply in other poets of the age, seems here to be verging towards its later sense of physical ease. Who, for instance, can feel in it the spiritual strength and peace that John Winthrop meant to convey when on sailing for America he wrote to his home: "I shall parte from thee with sorrowe enough; be comfortable my most sweet wife, for God wilbe with thee"?

IV.

It should be plain enough that Herrick sang in a lower key than the other great lyric poets of the age when the breath of the gods blew upon them. But there is a compensation. It is equally characteristic of Herrick's contemporaries that, when the instantaneous inspiration failed them, they too often fell into heaviness and awkwardness. The bulk of their work is marked by a curious negligence and amateurishness of manner, as becomes men who were untrained in their art and, as gentlemen, rather despised the painful discipline of their trade. And here Herrick not only differs from his age, but goes beyond it. Take away his epigrams, which are for the most part either feeble or gross or both, and which show a mistaken ambition to rival Martial, and the rest of his work is distinguished by a singular evenness of achievement. He is rarely dull or cumbrous or careless; he is almost always the cunning craftsman, and never the fumbling amateur. In a word, he is literary, and by that quality stands at once both above and below his great compeers. Here it is needful to distinguish. I would not call him literary in the sense that Jonson and Milton were such, in the sense that he felt the sway of true authority, and deliberately sought to fashion the utterance of his inner life on the models of antiquity, making their mastery his own. He was literary in another and lower way than that, in so far as his emotions and ideas were themselves secondary and derived from others, and, coming to him from literary sources, fell easily into the refinement of literary form. No doubt he knew, as other men know, the pangs of love, the attractions of beauty, and the consolations of religion; but, apparently, he felt these things not very keenly, and in his

poems wrote largely from the impulse of what other men had lived. Hence a certain detachment of art in his work, which pleases the reader but never quite touches the springs of emotion; and hence, in the end, a certain monotonous level of exquisite mediocrity.

But I would not exaggerate. It is true, that even at his highest moments, there is generally heard, if one attends closely, some note that lowers the key. But I would not say that all in him is "dead, and closed up in ivory," nor that he always sings "without the sweet concurrence of the heart." There are lines and stanzas scattered here and there which speak of direct communings with larger things:

Show me that world of Stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their Influence.

There are two or three poems on the lessons of brevity to be drawn from flowers and other fading symbols of life's allurements, that almost, but not quite, raise Herrick into the blessed choir. And there is one whole range of subjects in which I seem to hear the very pulse of the man beating, and no echo of the heart of others.

If Herrick was to his finger-tips literary and a child of Jonson, he belonged also by birth and breeding to the strong, home-keeping, prudent bourgeoisie of Elizabeth's England. Something of this, too, has gone into his verse, along with the licentious influences of the Renaissance. Indeed, I think we nowhere else come so close to his real, unborrowed feelings as we do in those humbler poems which tell of the physical peace and comfort of a quiet home. The superb scenery of Devon awakened no wonder in his breast; his sympathy with the rural customs of his parish was, I suspect, that of a bookish and amused man from the city; but when he turns to the homely treasures of "His Grange, or Private Wealth," then speaks the man himself. He may be marvellously graceful when he praises his "many fresh and fragrant mistresses," yet withal leave with us the impression of Drummond's line: "Though in love's library yet no lover's he"; but so soon as he turns from his Perillas and Antheas to his servant and housekeeper, Prudence Baldwin, we know at least that we are in contact with a delicious reality. In a way, one is prepared to assent to Edward Phillips's charge that Herrick was "not particularly influenced by any nymph or goddess except his maid Prue"; we may even admit in a fashion with James Grainger, "from the effects of her inspiration, that Prue was but indifferently qualified for a tenth muse." The praise of this woman who made the comfort of the poet's home may not lift us very high, but we feel at ease with her, we grow to love her faithfulness and pleasant ways. Perhaps, the last image we take from the "Hespe-

rides" is no picture of a venturesome explorer of far poetic seas, but of a rather timid gentleman of middle age, sitting by the fire in a snug and modest country parsonage, with Horace in his hand, and the willing Prue—how loved, and how well loved, who shall say?—at hand to fetch the desired cup of that sack which he had learned to praise, and perhaps to drink, long ago under the tutelage of the great Ben. I, for one, have no contempt for that picture.

And so also of Herrick's religion, we will not say it was insincere or hypocritical because the gods of Anacreon were as real to him as the God of the Gospels; but we may think he came nearest to his real sense of worship, not in the "Litany" or "The White Island," beautiful as are those chants, but rather in his "Thanksgiving to God for His House":

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep. . . .
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire.
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet. . . .

Here we might end, but the picture would not be complete without a word on Herrick's love for children, which also is a part of his homing instinct. He did not marry; he even carried his bachelorhood with a boast; but he never writes with a sweeter pathos than in his brief songs to the infant Jesus, or to some child of more familiar parentage. I may perhaps be accused of preferring low things to high, and simple things to proud, but if I had to name the poem of Herrick's that seems to me the most perfect in witchery of language and that I oftenest repeat to myself without reservation of praise or diminution of pleasure, it would be the unassuming "Grace for a Child":

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There lies before me on the table, as I write, a soiled and time-stained pamphlet, which is now one of the rarest of rarities. It is an octavo of twenty-four pages, and the title: "Occasional Papers, by the late William Dodd, LL.D.," is followed by a vignette of a basket of flowers with two bees hovering over it, and by the imprint: "London: Printed for G. Kearsley, at No. 46 in Fleet-street. M.DCC.LXXVII. Entered in the Hall-Book of the Company of Stationers."

But it was never published. A former owner has written an explanation:

This pamphlet was printed by Dr. Johnson's direction, but on the day before the intended publication Mrs. Dodd, for whose benefit the sale of it was intended, conscious that the contents were not all her husband's writing, thanked Dr. Johnson in most grateful terms, but begged it might be suppressed, her request was granted, and the whole impression of 500 copies were cancelled, two or three excepted of which this is one.

This statement is confirmed in a passage of that "Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," by Sir John Hawkins, which few even of the "true Johnsonians" now-a-days take the trouble to read. It is nevertheless worth reading, and as Boswell has painted himself in his famous biography, so Hawkins reveals himself—pompous, dull, and complacently self-satisfied—in his forgotten book. The book unlike the man is not dull.

The Rev. William Dodd, whose life was written forty years ago by Percy Fitzgerald, was the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and was born in 1729. He was sent as a sizar to Clare Hall, Cambridge, and after taking his degree was for some time a man about town making a scanty living by writing for the press. He entered holy orders, and in 1752 was lecturer of West Ham, and gradually became a popular preacher, while continuing his interest in literature. He took a warm interest in some charities, but his private life was marred by heedless extravagance and stained by vices which seemed all the blacker in a man of his pulpit piety. In 1774 his name was removed from the list of the King's chaplains in consequence of an attempt to bribe the Lord Chancellor in order to obtain the living of the Parish of St. George, Hanover Square. The end came in 1777 when pressed by his creditors he forged the signature of the fifth (not the famous fourth) Earl of Chesterfield, whose tutor he had been, to a bond for £4,200. The crime was detected almost by accident. The bond was disfigured by a blot of ink, and after it left Dodd's hands the holder wrote out a new bond and took it to Lord Chesterfield for a fresh signature. He at once repudiated it, and Dodd was arrested while at table with some of his gay friends. Forgery was then punished with death. After Dodd's conviction the greatest efforts were made to obtain a pardon for him. The Countess of Harrington, a daughter of the Duke of Grafton, wrote to Dr. Johnson, who did all that was possible to soften the heart of the King, but in vain. Johnson wrote papers in the criminal's interest, and also some to which Dodd's name was attached as author. Thus the suppressed "Occasional Papers" include "Letters to two noble Lords of his Majesty's most Honour-

able Privy Council" (i. e., Bathurst and Mansfield), "A Petition to the King," "A Petition to the Queen" (presented by Mrs. Dodd)—all from the pen of Johnson. He also wrote in the newspapers observations on the Petition, signed by 23,000 persons, and the Petition from the City of London. Still more curious is it to know that he wrote most of the sermon preached by Dodd in the Chapel of Newgate Prison, and published under the title of "The Convict's Address to His Unhappy Brethren." "Dr. Dodd's Last Solemn Declaration," delivered to the Ordinary of Newgate, before execution at Tyburn, June 27, 1777, was also written by Johnson. Dodd must have had some elements of goodness or else he had a genius for friendship, for seldom have such strenuous efforts been made to save a man from the legal punishment of his crime.

There is no copy of the suppressed edition of the "Occasional Papers" in the printed catalogue of the British Museum, but they were reprinted as an appendix to the anonymous "Life of Johnson," issued by Kearsley in 1785.

Boswell quotes a portion of Johnson's epilogue to the "Occasional Papers," but he omits the concluding paragraph:

Whatever assistance his anxiety might prompt him to solicit in forming the petitions (which, however, he must be considered as confirming by his name), the account of his past life, and of his dying sentiments, are the effusions of his own mind, consigned to paper without a prompter, and copied from his manuscript. Those who read them with the proper disposition will not read in vain.

This certificate of genuineness from Dr. Johnson adds force to Dodd's final words:

I sincerely lament all I have done wrong. I love and ever did, religion and goodness. I hate and abhor vice, and myself for ever having committed any. I look with peculiar detestation on the crime to which I am at present obnoxious; and I wish before I die, of all things, if it be possible, to make amends—by the most sincere and full confession and humiliation of myself.

It is on record that the "macaroni parson," as Dodd was nicknamed in his butterfly days, was once told by a gypsy that he would end on the gallows. In the multitude of the unfulfilled we are not unwilling to credit the Romany with this accomplished prophecy. Dodd was a prolific writer, in prison as well as out, but it was an ironical stroke of Fate that made him the preacher of a sermon on "The Frequency of Capital Punishments Inconsistent with Justice, Sound Policy and Religion," which was printed in 1762, sixteen years before his own career ended on Tyburn tree.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

PANTISOCRATS ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 10, Professor Harper asks what suggested to Coleridge and Southey their project of establishing a colony in America, and why they chose the banks of the Susquehanna as its site. He says: "I am not aware that a satisfactory answer has ever been given to the first of these questions, and delightful as is the guess that they picked out

the name 'Susquehanna' because of its musical sound, I feel that a weightier reason must have moved the young adventurers." He offers—apparently as the answer to both questions—the example of a band of French émigrés, who formed a company on April 22, 1794, and whose colony on the Susquehanna was advertised in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1795. As for the first question, does not Professor Harper suggest a problem where none exists? And does his solution fit either the one question or the other?

I had supposed till I read Professor Harper's letter that in 1794 suggestions for a pantisocratic project in America were as plentiful as blackberries. As a standing argument for turning towards America, Southey and Coleridge had the precedents of all the discontented English who since 1492 had anticipated the advice of Horace Greeley—including John Rolfe, William Bradford, George Fox, William Penn, and Ann Lee, who in 1774 received a divine injunction to plant the Shakers in the New World—an injunction from which we may infer that Providence keeps an eye upon historical precedents. As a source of Utopian suggestions, they had an enormous range of reading outside the *Gentleman's Magazine*; into minds saturated with Plato's "Republic," Plutarch's "Morals," More's "Utopia," Montaigne's essay on the "Cannibals," Bacon's "New Atlantis," Milton's pamphlets, Harrington's "Oceana," Mandeville's "Bees," Rousseau's "Discourses" and "Social Contract"—into this smoking tinder had been flung in 1793 the firebrand of Godwin's "Political Justice." As special public reasons of the period, they had a detestation of the government of George III; enthusiasm for the principles of the Revolution across the channel, qualified by the September massacres, and the war in 1794 between France and England; unqualified admiration for George Washington, who was elected to his second term in 1792, and a belief that the United States had set up the best government yet instituted on the earth. Finally, they were both in the first sanguine flush of youth, both unestablished, both poets, both poor, and one of them—Coleridge—was hopelessly lazy, in debt, sore from recent disgrace, and involved in embarrassing love affairs.

Under these circumstances there would have been something to explain if they had not at one time or another projected a colony in America. Even if the argument for the French émigrés were valid it would be superfluous.

But in suggesting that this notice of June, 1795, "would be quite enough to inflame their imagination," Professor Harper seems to have overlooked the dates in the rise and fall of the Pantisocracy. The flame of their imagination was at its height long before June, 1795. At that date it was rapidly expiring, never to be reanimated. As early as November 13, 1793, Southey writes to Bedford as follows: "If this world did but contain ten thousand people of both sexes, visionary as myself, how delightfully would we repeople Greece, and turn out the Moslem. . . . It was the favorite intention of Cowley to retire with books to a cottage in America, and seek that happiness in solitude which he could not find in society." On December 14, 1793, he writes again to Bedford. "Now, if you are in a

mood for a reverie, fancy only me in America; imagine my ground uncultivated since the creation, . . . after a hard day's toil, see me sleep upon rushes, and, in very bad weather, take out my cassette and write to you, for you shall positively write to me in America." In April of the following year, 1794, Coleridge was discharged from the Light Dragoons, and in June of the same year met Southey, and almost at once the dream of the Pantisocracy was launched. By July 20, 1794, Southey writes of the plans for migration. "Many of my friends will blame me for so bold a step, but as many encourage me; and I want to raise money enough to settle myself across the Atlantic." On September 18, 1794, Coleridge's enthusiasm is at high tide: "My God! how tumultuous are the movements of my heart. Since I quitted this room what and how important events have been evolved! America! Southey! Miss Fricker! . . . Pantisocracy! Oh, I shall have such a scheme of it!" ("Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," Boston, 1895, 2 vols.) At that time they planned to depart for America in the following March. But before the end of 1794 Southey is proposing that they go to Wales and experiment on a small scale; Southey, for various good reasons, is backing out; the bubble is about to burst. In December, 1794, Coleridge writes to Southey, "If it be determined that we shall go to Wales (for which I now give my vote), in what time?" From that date the history of Pantisocracy is simply the tale of the abandonment of a Welsh farming project in which neither of the principals seems to have been intensely interested. On November 13, 1795, Coleridge bids his long and famous farewell to Southey's friendship; the whole affair is now a matter of history, and the Susquehanna project had received its death blow six months before the appearance of Professor Harper's notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Now for the choice of the "banks of the Susquehanna." If the reader will turn to the first volume of the "Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey" (London, 1850, 6 vols.), he will find the following explanation in a letter from Coleridge to Southey:

Every night I meet a most intelligent young man, who has spent the last five years of his life in America and is lately come from thence as an agent to sell land [my italics]. He was of our school. I had been kind to him: he remembers it. . . . He says £2,000 will do. . . . That twelve men may easily [Coleridge's italics] clear 300 acres in four or five months; and that, for 600 dollars, a thousand acres may be cleared, and houses built on them. He recommends the Susquehanna [my italics], from its excessive beauty and its security from the Indians. Every possible assistance will be given us; we may get credit for the land for ten years or more. . . . [my italics]. That literary characters make money [Coleridge's italics] there. . . . The mosquitos are not so bad as our gnats; and, after you have been there a little while, they don't trouble you much.

Why seek for another reason for the choice of the banks of the Susquehanna?

S. P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., October 16.

A DIFFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Pray tell me why you regard the mere wounding of Col. Roosevelt as less humiliating to the patriotism of the Americans than the killing of him, as your words

in the following passage (*Nation*, October 17) undoubtedly imply: "Yet we all felt a sort of patriotic humiliation when Garfield and McKinley were shot, and it is a profound satisfaction not to have to go through that again."

What difference is there in this case between the mere wounding without fatal result and the successful killing, as long as Schrank's intention was to kill Mr. Roosevelt? Our patriotic humiliation is the same.

K. V. ROEDERN.

New York, October 20.

COMPULSORY SERVICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Professor Francke, in your issue for October 3, illustrates a persistent drift in social thinking—the tendency to over-value the accidental concomitants of a social movement and minimize its direct consequences. Whatever valuable results might follow compulsory service in the militia, the main fact is that, in the eyes of a not inconsiderable portion of the American people, the thought of militarizing their children is utterly abhorrent. Two expressions of opinion which I have but recently heard illustrate this feeling: "We know that a strictly military community is of all the most intolerable; it is bearable only in the measure it is modified by civilian influences." Again, "The attitude which military organization forces upon its units in their relationship towards one another is not strictly that of a fine and gentlemanly mind. I should not care to be commanded as a private; and I could not give orders as an officer."

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, Md., October 14.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to call your attention—in connection with your review (*Nation*, September 26) of a recent edition of "Cynthia's Revels"—to the fact that the editor seems to have misunderstood the following passage in the fifth scene of the third act:

I, sir, the Emperour Alicandroes daughter and the Prince Meridians sister [in the *Knight of the Sunne*] shee should have bene married to him, but that the Princess Claridiana—

Everybody who has read the "Mirror of Knighthood" will easily understand that "to him" means to the Knight of the Sun and not to Meridian, as Mr. Judson seems to think in his note to the passage. The words "the palace of your pleasure" in the same scene may be after all a reference to the following piece of poetry:

Once I thought, but falsely thought,
Cupid all delight had brought,
And that Love had been a treasure,
And a Pallace full of pleasure,
But alas! too soon I proue,
Nothing is so sower as Love,
That for sorrow my Muse sings:
Love's a Bee, and Bees have stings.
When I thought I had obtained
That deare solace, which I gained
Should have caus'd all Joy to spring,
(View'd) I found it no such thing:
But instead of sweete desires,
Found a Rose hem'd in with Bryers,
That for sorrow my Muse sings:
Love's a Bee, and Bee's have stings.

(The Eighth Booke of the Myrror of Knighthood, Being the third of the third Part, Englished out of the Spanish tongue. London. Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burbey. 1590. Sig. L.)

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., October 16.

DECORATING WASHINGTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 10, you speak of the "real distinction" of the success of Gov. Wilson at Baltimore as being "the triumph of the amateur." Might not the "success of the amateur," in the event of the election of Wilson especially, be applied also to the decorations of the city of Washington at the time of the inauguration? Would not the good taste of the thinking people of the country welcome such decorations as are really in keeping with the dignity of the occasion—and of the man? What is the significance of baskets of paper flowers exposed to the blizzards of the 4th of March, and of numerous little posts put up where there is no rhyme or reason for their being, except to look "unusual," and, therefore, to serve as a decoration?

If the College Men's League, or people of that type over the country, should take up the matter of making the city of Washington look suitably festive for the reception and welcoming of the new Chief Executive, we should certainly have more pride and satisfaction in the results of the efforts of these "amateurs" than we have sometimes had in the past, when, presumably, experts managed the business.

MARY SIBLEY EVANS.

Washington, D. C., October 13.

Literature

SOUTH ARABIA.

The Land of Uz. By Abdullah Mansûr (G. Wyman Bury). New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.75 net.

It is always a pity when the title of a book gives no clue to its contents, and especially so when the title is geographical and actually suggests to the reader a false trail. "The Land of Uz" for every one, including Abdullah Mansûr (p. xiv), is the country of Job, and Hebrews and Arabs alike have placed Job among the Sons of the East on the mountain plateau beyond Jordan. An even more narrow site is often pointed out, due east of the Sea of Galilee, which still bears his name and is locally the seat of his legend. It is probable that Mohammed himself had passed it on his journeys into Syria and knew it as the abode of the Prophet Aiyub, the Tested One, whose story the Koran was thereafter to tell. With no other situation is he associated in Moslem tradition.

But geographically Abdullah Mansûr's Uz is south Arabia (pp. ix, xxiii, 343), and there Uz is really connected with a legend, but a legend quite different from that of Job. One of the fixed themes in Arabic stories is the legend of a city

still existing in almost inaccessible deserts, built long ages ago as an Earthly Paradise, bereft of its idolatrous and impious inhabitants by the sudden vengeance of Allah, and known only by the report of a solitary and straying traveller who has stumbled upon it. This city in the Koran is called "Irem of the Columns," and in the line of an Arab poet, "Irem round which the Jinn hover." It was built in the deserts of Aden by Sheddad, the son of Ad, the grandson of Aus, and so, possibly, the whole country might be called the Land of Aus or Uz. On the story in general the quickest reference is to the commentators on the Koran, lxxxix, 4. It has found its way also into the current or Egyptian recension of the Arabian Nights, and was, of course, known to Abdullah Mansûr (p. xxiii). But within the reading of the present reviewer "Uz" is always the name of a man—this grandfather of Sheddad—and is never a geographical term, and further (ii), this south Arabian "Uz" is never connected with Job. It would be exceedingly interesting—for many reasons, Biblical and otherwise—to know if there is a legend of Job actually domiciled in the deserts near Aden.

But leaving history and legend for the life and situations of the present, this is an extraordinarily vivid and real book. There is not a scrap of humdrum travel-talk in it, and the writer has a quite peculiar gift both as describer and raconteur. He evidently fears an accusation of anecdotal flippancy, but has most fortunately taken his risks. His vocabulary is picturesque and is used judiciously; there is no fine writing, but he makes his points. He records here ten years spent at Aden as a British "political," in this case a subordinate official whose business it was to know all about the neighboring Arab tribes and to deal with them, personally and by correspondence, in every way short of military force. That involved friendly journeys of diplomacy and exploration into the interior, even a crossing of the southwest corner of the Empty Quarter itself—one of the great blanks lamented by geographers. In punitive or boundary expeditions he had also a part, being in charge up to the firing of the first shot, when the military officer commanding would step in.

With such opportunities he learned to know the people thoroughly; their tribal constitutions from the great sultanates down in their tangle of feuds and alliances; the different types of the population, from the tribal fighting caste in their fortified eyries to the soft pacific traders of the coast and the unwallied towns. The life of children and women even was open to him, for woman-kind among the free Arabs have a very different standing from what is theirs elsewhere in Islam. We have sympathetic little vignettes of girls of the

upper classes in hill fastnesses and of little shepherdesses of the masses on the mountain sides; of haps of love and marriage and even of the social status and influence of nautch-girls. Of business and agriculture, trades and industries, too, he treats, and there is far more of these than the traveller in northern or central Arabia would guess at. Arabia Felix was no grim Latin jest, and it still bears more than frankincense and coffee. On religion he touches, but what he knows of it was picked up most casually. Evidently the fewer the theological questions started on either side, the better. His people took him for granted and he did not disturb them. But on superstitions, from saints in their graves and the gifts they can still bestow, through tales of Bahlul—would he had told us more about him!—to snake-charms and magic snakes with their deadly jewels, the virtues of cold iron—not steel—and appearances of the Jinn, he is strong. It is curious to observe how he, like all long dwellers in the East in intimate touch with the people, is coming to have the Oriental openness of mind on such things. This is not to his discredit; rather, when carefully guarded, to his credit and great advantage. He is quite sure that some of the Séyids—descendants of the Prophet—have occult powers which no legerdemain or hypnotic feats could explain. In this, of course, he is not reckoning with that strange defect in human watchfulness which, as we now know, is so hard to eliminate. One Séyid gave him a *baraka*, "blessing," here profanely but pretty closely translated "mascot," in the form of a strip from his sacred banner. On the Jinn he is not so explicit. The panic terrors which they strike are evidently hard to explain, but he gives malaria its full weight as the wrecker of their vengeance.

A subject on which we would gladly have heard more is that of the desert poems of the present day. Elsewhere in Arabia we know that the tradition of subject, form, and manner—even of mannerisms—has run unchanged from before the time of Mohammed. Here we learn only that the South Arabian dweller in the desert is expected to be able to improvise in correct blank (?) verse on any subject (p. 314). Otherwise he is regarded as imperfectly educated. No real specimens of such verse are given; only two or three tags. But again and again we have pictures of just such thunderbursts in the hills and of the wadies coming down full from bank to bank in roaring spate that the old poets painted so often and in such detail. A genuine Song of the Well, too, is given (p. 200); as the Israelites in the wilderness, so the tribes still sing to the desert source of life.

Another obscure point is the south Arabian use of the word "dervish" to

mean a confirmed bachelor (pp. 174, 271 ff.). For if there is one thing that holds of dervishes elsewhere in Islam, it is that they are in no way necessarily celibate and that "dervish" has no such association for the Moslem as "monk" or "friar" for us. That it means also "wanderer" suggests that the "tertiary" dervishes, so common elsewhere, are not found in the south. Among the tribes round Mecca are multitudes of Senusite tertiaries.

On one side only is the book irritating and unsatisfactory. The precision of the trained philologist is not to be looked for in a man who has learned his Arabic on the ground. But it is fortunately seldom that so good a book has so hopelessly bad a system—if it is a system—of writing Arabic words.

CURRENT FICTION.

[NOVELS OF DISILLUSION.]

A Woman of Genius. By Mary Austin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Man's World. By Albert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The autobiographical form is among the most ancient implements of the story-teller. There is no better way of beginning a tale than "Once on a time there dwelt at Bagdad. . . ." unless it be "I was born in the City of York, of a good family, though not of that country. . . ." The first person singular, if skilfully employed, is capable of covering a multitude of improbabilities in fact, and crudities in structure. Where such faults do not exist it is commonly an asset. What would Sherlock Holmes be without his Dr. Watson? And what Allan Quatermain as interpreted by a mere author? Allan Quatermain, Henry Esmond, John Ridd, belong to the older type of interlocutor. The business of their pens, as of their lives, is romance. But the present generation is bringing us a more subtle and sophisticated type of autobiographical story. It is the product of naturalism, but not of that robust and cheerful naturalism which belonged to "Moll Flanders" or the "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." The new note is plaintive, elegiac even. I have lived, more or less, I have loved, after a fashion, and what does it all amount to? What is the meaning of the riddle? What is the use?

One striking fact about this mood, as echoed for example in the two narratives now before us, is that it is represented as a mood of maturity and not of age. It is the cry of the person of exceptional ability who has succeeded in the chosen task, and, at the very moment of success, finds that all is vanity, that real happiness, positive success, has somehow been missed. The story of "A Woman of Genius" is in outline much like Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." A girl is born into a provincial Ameri-

can community with a genius for acting which in time brings her to the top of her profession, love and domestic happiness being left by the way. But Mrs. Austin's Olivia is a far more intellectual person than Mr. Dreiser's Carrie, and suffers proportionately in the end. She is, we are to understand, the victim of her genius. From the moment when her consciousness of it emerges, everything else becomes secondary. For its sake she loses the husband of her youth, and the lover of her prime whose mistress she has preferred to be rather than sacrifice her art. He wants a wife, and finds one, leaving Olivia forlorn as a woman, but made as an artist. "If I had married Helmeth Garrett," she says, "I might have grown insensible to him; as it was, I seemed to have been fixed, though by pain, in the fruitful relation. The loss of him, the desperate ache, the start of memory, are just as good materials to build an artistic success upon as the joy of having." So she goes on with her building, and the house of art has no secret chambers for her. "Whatever else has happened to me, I am at least a success," is her summing up. It is left for her to patch up a marital arrangement with a fellow-being who finds himself in the same boat—a playwright whose "fruitful relations" are many, but who is no danger of demanding that she give up her career.

In "A Man's World" the plaintive and irresolute tune is even more distinctly audible. This is not, as the title might suggest, a story about the wrongs of woman. As in "A Woman of Genius," sex plays a somewhat disproportionate part in these reminiscences, because the normal outlet of a happy marriage has been unattained. This is as undisguisedly the fault of the narrator in the man's case as in the woman's. And the man lacks that excuse of the torch-bearer which belongs to people of real or fancied genius. Arnold Whitman, like Olivia, progresses from a narrow rural upbringing to the life of cities. He comes to New York as a bookworm and bibliographer, and remains as a criminologist, with an official position at the Tombs which makes him of great service in the cause of decency and justice. At this point we leave him, a man of practical achievement in a difficult field. But we leave him whining, a man of fifty whose life is over, who believes that all the world's a stage, and that the play is a foolish one. "I have little ardor left. The youthful questing spirit is gone—and I have not found the Holy Grail. . . ." "I am as much at loss to-day in regard to moral values as I ever was. I have little hope left of succeeding. . . ." Vanity of vanities! The trouble, as we have intimated, is a trouble of sex. Arnold Whitman has never thought of marriage as a part of the business of life. He has been the lover of one woman—who has pre-

ferred a career to marriage—and has gone so far as to wish that he might wish to marry another. And he apparently does not know what is the matter with him in the end. We wonder if his author does!

Between Two Thieves. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"As for England—I tell you, Peter Michailowitch!—between Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and her army contractor, she will yet climb her Calvary with her cross upon her shoulders—we shall see her crucified between two thieves!" Thus Nicholas I to his general-in-chief. In the light of which metaphor the story of the Crimean War is set forth at very great length. Villains on both sides of the Channel are drawn with heavy strokes. Nothing could be more unpleasant than the "dough-colored" countenance of the lesser Napoleon and the "deep and dark and secret workings of his strange, cold, snaky mind"—as here depicted—unless it were the bloated Jowell, who is hideously swollen "with the golden life-blood of the British ratepayer." "Conditions," too, are painted with liberal brushfuls of color. Boudoir scenes under the Second Empire are only less scandalous than British barracks scenes in the fifties. The trouble is that the multitude of these revelations, and especially the manner of them, call for much more horror than the average reader has "on tap." By the time we are introduced to the seat of war and hospital horrors at Scutari, dismay has lapsed into cynicism, and we are much too tired to care.

But that is not the whole story, no, not by an ordinary bookful. There is a hero, son of a marshal under Napoleon I and a Carmelite nun. To him many notable affairs are ascribed—provoking the fusillade that unseated Louis Philippe, carrying to London an official warning of the *coup d'état* of 1851, preparing the field maps used by the French in the Crimean War, and founding the Society of the "Crimson Cross." The bad angel of this useful gentleman is a former mistress and stanch adherent of Louis Napoleon's; his good angel, the "Ada Merling" to whom the author has attributed all the activities of Florence Nightingale, plus many sentiments of her own devising.

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. By W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

Another is hereby added to Mr. Locke's company of irresponsible heroes. M. Pujol is quite as amusing as his predecessors: a Frenchman of Provence, whose life is a series of casual and cheerful adventures in Europe and England. He is a soldier of fortune without fear or reproach—a vagabond,

but not a rascal. He is successful in such varied industries as peddling, promoting, playing the drum in an itinerant band, teaching in a girls' boarding-school—and making love everywhere. He is an "electric personage," a "human dragon-fly," and these pages through which he darts and flashes can by no possibility be dull. His adventures are not recorded in chronological order, but they make a sort of progress, leaving us at the end the picture of a tamed and domesticated though by no means dispirited Aristide. The stories, taken separately, are somewhat uneven in merit.

AN APOSTLE OF WAR.

The Day of the Saxon. By Homer Lea. Harper & Bros. \$1.80 net.

The California undergraduate who, some years ago, disappeared, to emerge in China in high military command, here renews his comment on the present martial balance of the world. America's military destitution was the subject of "The Valor of Ignorance." England's future as regards Germany and Russia is now the particular theme. The double peril impending over the island Empire is outlined with grim and logical imperturbability. At first, one is tempted to resent General Lea's display of axioms, as also an apocalyptic tinge in the rhetoric, but gradually admiration grows at the tenaciousness and compactness of the argument; irrespective, be it said, of its validity. In its way, the book recalls the stately and gloomy determinism of Machiavelli himself. We are in a world, not of reasoning people, but of inconscient forces called nations, urged by elemental considerations of food supply, stress of population, scorn of weaker neighbors, desire for sun and seaports. So tense and perilous a balance must from time to time be broken. Statecraft cannot avert these periodical Armageddons. In fact, the whole duty of a statesman is military, to foresee these tests and meet them preparedly in his own time and on his own terms. Such a ruler must be supported by a martial folk. Democracy and immigration are hostile to martial solidarity, and only the German and Russian Empires to-day, with the Japanese, can seriously be reckoned as military powers.

All three of these Powers must soon expand, and in every case expansion means conflict with England. She has put herself meanwhile in the poorest position to meet these inevitable clashes. When she failed Denmark in Schleswig-Holstein, she sacrificed in a day the prestige won at Trafalgar and Waterloo. Here Gen. Lea echoes the contemporary verdict of Lord Salisbury, who remarked that "to be despised by the minor states of Germany is, perhaps, the low-

est depth of degradation to which a great Power has ever sunk." Since then England has kept her army stationary, while Russia, Germany, and Japan have stepped into the first rank. Even on the sea Japan and Germany are pressing her. The Pacific has already passed irrevocably from her control. And the conflicts which were remote and potential a generation ago are now urgent. Russia, with her momentum towards India merely steadied and concentrated through the Manchurian rebuff, is quietly annexing Persia. Japan looks eagerly to Polynesia. Germany chafes on every sea for colonies and coaling stations. Against these rivals, what can England interpose? Merely an illusory and shrinking naval superiority.

The military capacity of every nation ultimately comes down to its power to weaken the enemy at home. Thus, if England should sink the German navy, England would be little the better off. Unable to follow up a naval success on land, the campaign would end in a stalemate most costly on the whole to the apparent winner. In short, a navy, except when two insular Powers are at war, is purely a subsidiary defensive arm, whereas an effective aggressive on land is ultimately the only real defence, all others being mere postponements. It is true that without her present naval superiority, England would be exposed to quick subjection. With her preponderant navy, but without real expeditionary armies, she merely offers herself to slower disintegration. Imagine the plight of Japan if the late war had ended without the Manchurian victories, and the case is clear.

Bad diplomacy has since hastened what military neglect began. Island Powers are natural rivals, and alliances between them unsound. England's pact with Japan merely ousted herself from the Pacific. Natural allies are insular and continental powers; in the case before us, England with China, and Japan with Russia, would have been the correct alignment.

To meet the desperate plight in which she finds herself, England must first put herself on an expeditionary basis as regards Germany in Europe and Russia in Asia. This can only be done by imperial consolidation with compulsory military service. At the earliest instant England should seize and hold her true strategic lines, the Belgian-Holland frontier, and the Teheran-Herat line. Having issued his formal warning, Gen. Lea seems to doubt that it will be heeded. In fact, it would be an amazingly transformed Britain that should either make the necessary military preparations, or, having made them, begin war with ruthless forethought.

Are the days of the Saxon then numbered? How serious is this book? Not necessarily, yet the book is serious

enough. Its analysis of the limitations of sea power is admirable and most timely; all the conflicts it foresees are easily within the realm of possibility. If national expansion is indeed unconscious and determined, and statecraft merely a higher militarism, something like Gen. Lea's apocalyptic vision may well take place within the lifetime of some readers of these words. Give him his axioms, and the rest follows. But these very axioms ignore important considerations. Japan, Russia, and Germany are treated as military constants. As a matter of fact, they are all exposed to social discontents that may eventually reduce their military efficiency. Nor is the postulated pressure of population a constant. There are indications that population will increase much more slowly in the future in all civilized nations. France in this regard may not be so much a decadent as a prophetic state. Moreover, scientific agriculture will do much to relieve any distress from existing pressure of population. Nor is Gen. Lea's contention that the mixed populations of nations fed by immigration are hopelessly unmilitary consonant with the facts. His ideal, thoroughbred, military power, indeed, has never existed, except on the small scale of Lacedæmon and Macedon. Finally, the possibilities of arbitration are not so negligible as they seem to him. The libel suit has, after all, replaced ordeal by combat. England and France, Argentina and Chili, by rational negotiation, have settled outstanding difficulties that more than once have threatened war. It is difficult to see that the conflicting aspirations of England and Germany necessarily defy peaceful adjudication. Theoretically, one may imagine purchases and readjustments that would satisfy the legitimate maritime aspirations of Germany without seriously weakening England. In fact, an over-extended Power like England might actually gain by conversion of superfluous territory into cash. Russia did not hesitate to alienate for good reason a potential empire in Alaska. That such negotiations and sacrifices are difficult does not prove them impossible. We believe the time approaches when a sense of justice in nations will modify greatly those insensate instincts which Gen. Lea finds all-powerful. His general contention that England is far from prepared to hold her traditional world-prestige is unquestionably sound. It behooves her to arm, and more particularly with that political foresight that is the nerve of armies. A resolute facing of the whole international situation in the interest of a permanent and equitable settlement might do more to strengthen the British Empire than the recruiting of great expeditionary forces and the seizure of strategic positions beyond the North Sea and the Himalayas.

Essays on Questions Connected with the Old English Poem of Beowulf. By Knut Stjerna. Translated and edited by John R. Clark Hall. Viking Club, Extra Series, Vol. III. London: Curtis & Beamish.

Several dissertations relating to archaeological aspects of "Beowulf" have been published on the one side of the ocean or the other, but novice work of this kind cannot weigh in the balance, of course, with the book that now lies before us—the production of one of the ablest authorities in the field of Scandinavian archaeology, and Reader in that subject at Upsala for some years before he was snatched away by an untimely death in 1909 at the early age of thirty-five. There was no similar work in existence before, so that the present volume is undoubtedly a contribution of great value to the study of "Beowulf."

The essays here translated all appeared in various Swedish publications between the years 1903 and 1908; they were consequently inaccessible to the great majority of the students of the Anglo-Saxon poem and such students will accordingly have reason to be grateful to Dr. Hall for undertaking the execution of the strongly cherished wish of the author that his papers relating to "Beowulf" should be collected and published in English. The writer's conclusions will not, of course, always commend themselves to the acceptance of Anglo-Saxon scholars, but even in such cases the evidence which he has collected is of high interest, especially as the archaeological material is set clearly before us in the copious illustrations—one hundred and twenty-eight in all—that adorn the book. As the editor remarks, this material is virtually exhaustive for the three Scandinavian countries during the period with which students of the Anglo-Saxon epic are concerned.

Particularly good are the essays on "Swedes and Geats during the Migration Period," "Scyld's Funeral Obsequies," "The Dragon's Hoard," and "Beowulf's Funeral Obsequies." In the first of these he brings out how Beowulf's tribe, the Geats, took part in the great movement of the Germanic tribes to the south of Europe and how the consequent drain on its fighting strength and the introduction of southern culture led to the overthrow of the Geatish kingdom by the Swedes—the great event of the Migration Period for Scandinavia. By the plausible interpretation of the archaeological evidence, Dr. Stjerna thus enables us to penetrate the darkness which has surrounded the history of the tribe to which the hero of the poem belonged. As Dr. Hall, however, remarks in the excellent introduction which summarizes the results of our author's researches, 500 A. D. is too early a date for the downfall of the Geatish Kingdom. Indeed, in view of the well-attested historical fact that the Geat king of the first part

of the poem was not slain until the second decade of the sixth century—in his raid against the Franks—it is singular that Dr. Stjerna should have adopted so early a date for that event. Moreover, his theory that East Götland rather than West Götland was the main seat of the Geatish power, and that the island of Öland may have been the political centre of the kingdom—so the place from which Beowulf starts on his expedition against Grendel—is open to grave objections. It does not accord with the topography of the poem or with the current identification—not likely to be shaken—of the site of Heorot, the hall of the Danish King, with the modern village of Leire near Roskilde in Zealand.

The essays on the "Funeral Obsequies" of Scyld and Beowulf, respectively, are the most important studies of Germanic burial customs in their bearing on the Anglo-Saxon epic that have yet been published. The idea of a journey by water after death, which is illustrated by the account of Scyld's burial in "Beowulf," Dr. Stjerna supposes to have been derived from Southeastern Europe, making its appearance in the north as early as the fourth century. In this he is opposed to Olrik, who is inclined to ascribe the custom to the influence of Celtic conceptions. It is the death-journey, moreover, which he regards as the feature of primary importance in the narrative concerning Scyld, not the hero's arrival from an unknown land, as Olrik maintains. But may not the boat-burial here represent simply a modification of the conception found elsewhere in folktales of the hero who comes from a land of mystery and later returns thither? With regard to the account of Beowulf's obsequies, Dr. Stjerna explains the inconsistencies on the supposition of originally duplicate lays being combined in the poem. Especially interesting here is the close agreement which he brings out between the description of Beowulf's burial and the testimony of the remains discovered in the burial mound at Old Upsala, known as Odinhög. From a detailed discussion he concludes that the Odinhög was constructed about 500 A. D., and so the Beowulf burial corresponds to Scandinavian custom of that date. In "Beowulf," as in the Homeric poems, the archaeological data constantly point to a much older period than the actual date of the poem.

Another essay, "The Double Burial in Beowulf," supplements these extremely interesting discussions of early Germanic burial customs. To be sure, this last-named essay is based on a false interpretation of a passage in the Finn episode of the Anglo-Saxon poem. Nevertheless, it contains much valuable information on the subject indicated by the title and also on the mutual obligations of foster-brothers among the

Germanic tribes. The inconsistencies in the narrative of the Dragon's hoard Dr. Stjerna interprets as due to a modification of the original lay in which the discovery of the hoard was a moor-find of treasure such as was not uncommon in this early period—the modification being the result of a later conception when such deposits were made (in secrecy) by individual men, but not wholesale by the tribe. Elsewhere regarding this episode our author makes the interesting comment that the hall where the treasure was hid, with its arched roof of stone resting on pillars, could not have belonged to the original Scandinavian lay, but must have been introduced by an Anglo-Saxon poet familiar with Roman architecture.

In conclusion, we will say that the book confirms in the strongest manner the belief already so general, that "Beowulf" is of Scandinavian origin. It should seem that, in Dr. Stjerna's opinion, the poem, as we have it, was worked up from Anglo-Saxon lays which were brought to England during the sixth century by the migrating tribes—these lays in turn being based on Scandinavian lays. On the whole, this may be described as the view now most generally held in regard to the origin of the poem, but it seems incredible that every detail of Scandinavian saga and archæology should have been preserved so perfectly during these long years of oral transmission, and the suspicion will not down that the English poet—for we may now assume a single authorship—was drawing directly from Scandinavian sources.

Some German Women and their Salons.

By Mary Hargrave. New York: Brentano's. \$2.75 net.

Every book should have its *raison d'être*. The justification of the present book lies, we suppose, in the attempt to sketch for the English reader the social status of certain cultured German women for about a half-century, say, from 1780 or 1790 to 1830. The period was one of upheaval in every direction and in this upheaval women played their part. To appreciate such influence is therefore right and proper in itself; success will depend, however, upon one's qualifications. Has our author the qualifications? We doubt it.

To begin with, the mere title of the book is misleading. "Their salons" implies that each of the women here represented had her salon. Yet, in all frankness, not one of the so-called salons here sketched is a salon in the genuine sense, comparable, for instance, to that of Madame Récamier. We are not so rash as to undertake to define a salon. Only on the negative side will we venture to maintain that the genuine salon is characterized by the absence of two disagreeable qualities: provincialism and didacticism. In the matter of provincialism,

will any student of history assert that Berlin, even as late as 1830, was not a provincial capital? Vienna might have had a salon; not Berlin. As for the didacticism, it crops out at every turn. Guests met in the reception rooms of Henriette Herz, Rahel Varnhagen, Bettina von Arnim, not solely for the glorious democratic give and take of *esprits faits*; quite as often as not they met "to learn something."

Goethe's mother fills fifty pages of the book. Yet her quiet, modest home in Frankfurt bore not the slightest resemblance to a salon; it was merely a pleasant, convenient meeting-place where the young might drop in for a friendly chat or a word of cheer. Every town in every land has, or may have, such a home. True, not every old lady can be a Frau Aja; but the homelike atmosphere will be the same.

Then there is the Queen of Prussia, the famous Königin Luise. Shall we not say, once for all, that a queen, precisely because she is a queen, must have a court but cannot possibly have a salon? In fine, our author should have entitled her book "Some Notable German Women" and let it go at that.

With the substance of the book it is not worth the while to quarrel. We question the author's accuracy in German and French. Perhaps the printer is to blame for the marvellous word-breaking (p. 199): "Bettina's Frühlingsskranz"! And for Teplitz, instead of Tepitz, p. 102. But the long-suffering printer can scarcely be held responsible for "Briefwechsel zwischen Illius Pamphilus und die Ambrosia." How Goethe's line, "Und das ist schon Gewinn des Lebens" came to be set up "Gewinn des Lebène," is to us a conundrum.

Whether the author has gone very deeply into German literature, may be questioned. The period which her book covers coincides—in the main—with the career of the Romantic School. Now, this literary movement has been thoroughly studied and, we add, thoroughly discounted. Yet, though ephemeral and artificial, it seems to our author something spontaneous, vivifying. More remarkable still, Goethe is represented as the idol of the school. This is exaggeration. Some of the school accepted Goethe, others did not. Anyhow, the full recognition of Goethe came later. As for Bettina and her "Briefwechsel," we have long grown weary of them. Bettina was at best only the *enfant terrible* of her day, and her Briefwechsel is far more fiction than fact.

In our opinion, the author would have done better, had she concentrated her efforts upon Rahel Varnhagen and Henriette Herz, the most influential literary characters of the period, but scarcely known in this country. Frau Aja has of late been done to death, and the noble Königin Luise is a figure not in Ger-

man letters, but in German politics.

The illustrations so-called are the most irritating feature of the book; for they do not illustrate! Opposite the title-page is a medallion portrait of Rahel Tieck, yet the Tiecks nowhere figure in the text. Henriette Herz's beauty is mentioned frequently, but her portrait fails to convey a suggestion of beauty. Last, there is no portrait of Bettina; instead we get the well-known sketch of Goethe on his death-bed, presumably because it appeared in Bettina's "Tagebuch"! This is picture-making run mad.

Notes

The latest study of the well-known Dante scholar, Edmund Gardner, is in the press of Messrs. Dent. Its title is "Dante and the Mystics."

Mr. Huebsch will very soon issue "Human Quintessence," by Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, son of the dramatist. The book is said to touch many subjects and to show sturdy reflection throughout.

October 26 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin for the publication of the following books: "Linda," a novel by Margaret Prescott Montague; "Americans and Others," essays by Agnes Repplier; "Our House: And London Out of Our Windows," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, holiday edition; "Gutter-Babies," by Dorothea Slade; "Citizens Made and Remade," a short account of the George Junior Republic, by William R. George and Lyman Beecher Stowe; "Romance, Vision and Satire," modern renderings by Jessie L. Weston; "Poems and Ballads," by Herman Hagedorn; "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass," poems by Amy Lowell, and "How England Grew Up," a book of English History from King Alfred to the present time, by Jessie Pope.

The following are among the announcements for early publication by Longmans, Green & Co.: Mrs. William O'Brien's "Unseen Things," being studies of women who have played a noble part in the world's history; the long-expected "Life of Father Tyrrell"; a two-volume work on "Railroads," by Professor Ripley; "Miriam Lucas," a novel by Canon Sheehan, and Andrew Lang's 1912 annual, "A Book of Saints and Heroes."

Henry Holt & Co. will bring out the authorized English translation of Edouard Le Roy's "Une Philosophie Nouvelle: Henri Bergson," and Laurence Housman's "John of Jingalo," which is taken to be a satire on modern English political life.

Norman Duncan has completed a new sea story which Revell will shortly publish. It bears the title, "The Best of a Bad Job."

"Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church," which Mr. Murray, of London, will shortly publish for the Bishop of St. Asaph, is a timely book, considering the discussion now on in Parliament over Disestablishment.

We are to have this autumn from the Pilgrim Press the following religious or so-

eological books: "At the Crossing with Denis McShane," by William Allen Knight; "On the Way to Bethlehem," the same; "Man or Machine—Which?" by Al Priddy; "Through the School," the same; "The Green Devil, a Romance of Thornton Abbey," by Arthur Metcalf; "The Even Hand," by Quincy Germaine; "The Problem of Religion," by Prof. Emil Carl Wilson; "The Culture of Religion," the same; "Mrs. Mahoney of the Tenement," by Louise Montgomery; "The Ladder of Christ," by Reginald J. Campbell; "The Temper of the American People," by George T. Smart; "Shall a Man Live Again?" by Wilfred T. Grenfell; "The Evolution of the Country Community," by Warren H. Wilson; "The Person of Christ in Modern Thought," by E. Digges La Touche; "Eucken and Bergson, Their Significance for Modern Thought," by E. Herman, and "The Life of the Soul," by J. Brierly.

S. A. and C. A. Williams have written three books for juveniles which Stokes will issue next month: "The Magic Book," "The Treasure Trunk of Dollies," and "Animal Stories."

The Rev. John H. Harris and Mrs. Harris were sent out last year by the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society of England, with the special object of studying conditions in West Central Africa. Their report is embodied in a book which Smith & Elder have in press—"Dawn in Darkest Africa." Lord Cromer contributes an introduction.

The awakening of the Turkish mind is shown by the diversity and extent of its literature at the present time. Numerous translations of scientific works, on medicine, chemistry, physics, military science, and even aeronautics, are coming out, and also a large number of independent works on these and like subjects by Turkish authors. In order to foster a patriotic feeling new and well illustrated editions of some of the Turkish classics are being published, as well as several magazines with articles on current events and literary topics. Few translations have been made of purely American literature, but our detective stories are exceedingly popular with the young Turk.

Education is making steady progress in China. An educational conference recently held in Peking urged the establishment of three new universities in addition to the four now existing, and of primary schools in every city, town, and village. It is said that eight students will be sent to Great Britain to study naval matters, six to Germany for military science, twenty to Belgium for mineralogy, eight each to Italy for mathematics, France for law, Japan for politics, and ten to this country to study industry. At examinations held at Tsingtau in August for students for a college education in the United States there were 130 applicants, four of whom were successful.

The most provocative chapters in Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's "Why Go to College" (The Century Company) are those in which he attempts to analyze and interpret to us that highly puzzling entity, the soul of the American undergraduate. It cannot be said that he has succeeded. Mr. Cooper confines himself largely to assertions that are either

obvious or unsupported. His general thesis is that the college student is not what he seems; which may be said of most of us in college or out. The American undergraduate may seem lightminded, but at bottom he is not. He may appear to be averse to study, but he really is not. He may be unbalanced on the subject of athletics, but at heart he is not. He may seem deficient in spirituality, but in his innermost being he cherishes great dreams. He may cut chapel with extraordinary persistence, but if you examine him closely he has a strongly developed religious sense. To uphold his assertions Mr. Cooper gives us anecdotes instead of facts. The anecdotal method runs riot in his pages. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Cooper could have made out a much better case for the college student if, instead of arguing that the raw, loud-mouthed, overdressed, idle college youth is not the barbarian he seems to be, he had rather maintained that this "representative" undergraduate is not representative at all. He concedes much more than is necessary when he allows us to carry away the impression that the undergraduate who cheers his football team to victory is the undergraduate who celebrates victory by dancing the serpentine on the field and finishes by beating up policemen and tearing down front gates. The fact is that out of 5,000 men who cheer at football games, only 500 dance the serpentine and only 50 beat up policemen. It is the minority in college, as in life, that gives a social group its undeserved reputation. The great majority of college undergraduates do their work honestly, dress quietly, and know why they are at college.

"The Truth About Oregon" would hardly be too pretentious a title for Allen H. Eaton's little book, "The Oregon System: The Story of Direct Legislation in Oregon" (McClurg). "I have friends," he says in a delightful and illuminating preface, "who have come to Oregon because the people rule; I have friends who have moved out of Oregon for the same reason." The promise of "an unprejudiced examination of the work which the people of Oregon have done since the adoption of the initiative and the referendum in 1902" is to all appearances redeemed. He discusses in some detail the thirty-three measures that the voters have rejected in the ten years, and the thirty-one measures that they have adopted. There is much that will amuse, disgust, or alarm, as well as much that will be approved, in the record. But it is the possibilities more than the actualities of the "Oregon system" that constitute the ground on which it will be judged by the thoughtful. Here, too, Mr. Eaton's chapters are valuable. We quote them briefly on two significant developments that have already appeared in Oregon: "We pass constitutional amendments now as readily as we pass statutory laws"; "As to the initiative and the referendum, I do not believe they were intended to supply a few individuals with the power to set up a rival Legislature. They were adopted as reserve measures to be used only when needed and to supplement and improve the work of a Legislature already established." As to possibilities, he goes so far as to say: "Unless the people and their representatives resolve to work together the time is not far off when there

will be a new issue in Oregon, and that issue will be the abolition of the Legislature." Yet his conclusion is hopeful. "The people of Oregon are to be trusted. The principle of the initiative and referendum is safe. But the machinery of direct legislation is crude and weak in many places." Towards the locating of these places and their improvement, his calm and well-reasoned presentation should contribute.

Miss Maud Thornhill Porter's "Billy" (Mosher Press) is a little book of 53 pages, to which it is difficult to do justice in words that will not seem extravagant in relation to so small a work by a writer entirely unknown to the public. It is marked by a rare simplicity and perfection of expression, but this is not its greatest excellence; the vividness of the pictures presented, the penetrating sympathy, the depth of feeling just sufficiently set off by a charming vein of humor, give the little story a unique quality. It is only "the true story of a canary bird," but it is a literary gem of a very high order. Full of delicate observation and graphic presentation, the story at first interests the reader simply as a pleased onlooker at pretty scenes; but gradually—and without a trace of mawkishness or sentimentality—it grips his heart, and at the climax it is poignantly moving. Nor is the descent from the climax to the tranquil and philosophic closing stage of "Billy's" life less admirably done. To state more explicitly wherein the little drama consists would be to lessen somewhat the effect of it on those who will go to the book itself.

Further indication of the popularity of the philosophy of Rudolf Eucken, now exchange professor at Harvard, is furnished by the fact that "Main Currents of Modern Thought" (Scribner) is the fifth title, and the fourth large volume, to appear in English translation, or new edition of translation, during the present year. The book is Meyrick Booth's translation of the fourth German edition (1906) of "Geistige Strömungen der Gegenwart," one of Eucken's earlier works, which may be said to mark the transition from the philosopher of history to the teacher of religion. Like his later works it is an elaboration of the one idea of "the independence of the spiritual life." Here, however, the idea wears the bloom of freshness, and is invested in a wealth of historical reference, derived from the author's really extensive learning, which is a gain both in substance and in interest.

For the Macmillans' military text-book series, Col. Charles Ross has undertaken a history of the Russo-Japanese War, of which the first volume, carrying the narrative through the battle of Liao-yang, is now published. To-day there is plenty of material for a writer on the war in Manchuria to draw upon. The Japanese General Staff has published its official history of the war. There is an official German account. There are Gen. Kuropatkin's Memoirs. On a smaller scale we have such first-hand contributions as Polkovsky's "From Libau to Tsushima," Semenov's "Rasplata," and Nofine's "The Truth About Port Arthur." Col. Ross has made use of all these sources. The book has the method and clearness that a well-ordered text-book should possess. Its array of dry statistical matter is supplemented by comment on the strategic and

tactical principles involved, with due attention to the psychological factors that enter into the winning of victories. If the author pauses now and then to point a moral for the patriotic British reader, the practice is not out of place in a book of this nature.

Writing as a cautious student and half a dozen years after the event, Col. Ross shows few signs of being affected by the legend of miraculous achievement that encompassed the Japanese while the world was still under the spell of their victories. This does not mean that he has gone to the other extreme. On the contrary, he pays full tribute to the fine fighting qualities of the Japanese soldiers and to their excellent leadership. But he shows that the Japanese, too, were capable of error, and that only the severe handicaps under which their opponents labored prevented the Russians from taking advantage of such mistakes. Among the factors responsible for the defeat of the Russian forces were the natural difficulties of the task, their over-confidence at the beginning of the war, and the weakness of the Russian intelligence service throughout the war. The Japanese nearly always knew what confronted them, whereas Kuropatkin was frequently groping in the dark. Finally, there was the evil of divided counsels in the Russian camp. Kuropatkin did not have a free hand at the beginning. When he assumed supreme control of operations it was too late; the unbroken succession of Japanese victories had undermined the morale of the Russian army. The Russians fought bravely to the last, but without confidence in themselves. In spite of the detailed presentation of military statistics, Col. Ross's deductions are cast in such broad form and presented with such admirable clearness as to make them easily intelligible to the non-professional reader.

In "An Outline of the History of Christian Thought Since Kant" (Scribner), Prof. Edward Caldwell Moore of Harvard continues the sketch of the reformed theology begun by Dr. McGiffert in his "Protestant Thought Before Kant." Both volumes are in the series entitled Studies in Theology. The chapters fall principally into three sections: the destruction of the scholastic theology and the development of idealism from Kant to Ritschl, the critical and historical movement from Strauss to Harnack, and the results for theology of modern science as represented by Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley. A final chapter, "The English-speaking Peoples: Action and Reaction," sketches briefly the men who have started movements, either progressive or reactionary, in England and America, from Coleridge to William James. Professor Moore is a sympathetic critic, generous in appreciation of the merits of the most diverse systems and thinkers, keen in his sense for the salient and the causative, just in apportionment of influence, and always clear and forceful in style. He handles skilfully his wealth of material, and few of his pages are overburdened by superabundance of fact. He is most at home in the discussion of the historical criticism of the last fifty years. One misses a summary of the entire movement of Protestant thought from the rise of idealism to the present, with estimate of the results achieved, and analysis of the loss and gain. The volume is read-

able, an excellent hand-book for the student, and valuable in supplying perspective for a view of the religious movements from which we are now emerging.

Not many Blue Book reports have been reprinted in handsome editions. This honor is now conferred upon Lord Durham's "Report on the Affairs of British North America" (3 vols.; Clarendon Press, Frowde), which is edited with an introduction by Sir C. P. Lucas, K. C. B. The work is interesting and important from many points of view. It is a valuable source of information for the student of Canadian history. It contains observations on colonization and the government of colonies which, though referring to conditions in Canada at the close of the rebellion of 1839, are still well worth reading by any one interested in those subjects. More particularly, it had in its day a marked influence upon British policy and upon political thinking in England. Not only was it a prime factor in effecting the establishment of responsible government in Canada, but it gave a decided impetus to those liberal tendencies which, in the middle of the nineteenth century, were so radically changing the character of English political institutions.

The value of the new edition of the report is enhanced by the excellent introduction of Sir C. P. Lucas, which fills the first volume. The editor brings to his task, not only thorough familiarity with the report, but wide and discriminating knowledge of the history of colonization, and particularly of English colonization. Opening with a brief chapter on the conditions in England at the accession of Queen Victoria, he passes on to a careful discussion of the conditions in Canada, the powers and instructions given to Lord Durham, and the "scope, character, and substance" of the report. The introduction is no mere summary; it undertakes to determine to what extent the conditions were as Lord Durham represented them, and to what extent his recommendations for Canada and his forecast of the future of the British colonies have been justified by the course of events since his time. The conclusion is that Lord Durham misjudged the French Canadian, that he was unfair to the English Government because he judged its past methods too much in terms of the liberal principles of his own day, that he did not foresee or desire for Canada the measure of independence which it now possesses, and that he was not concerned with colonies in the abstract, but only with a particular kind of British colony. The significance of the report is that it outlined a wise policy for dealing with the situation in Canada at that time, and in doing so pointed the way which has led to the relatively complete emancipation of British colonies of the self-governing type. While conceding the great importance of the report, the editor is chiefly concerned to dispel the illusion that Lord Durham was the bearer of a Heaven-sent gospel embodying principles of universal applicability.

It is particularly worth while to reprint this report now, when the question of colonial policy is again becoming of vital import in English government. In the fifth decade of the nineteenth century the current of opinion was strongly set towards liberalism; the report of Lord Durham, re-

strained and guarded as it was in its recommendations, was nevertheless in harmony with the prevailing sentiment. The result was that it was more liberal in its effects than in its character; many thoughtful men, towards the middle of the last century, were persuaded that the inevitable conclusion of Lord Durham's recommendations was the gradual disintegration of the Empire. This was not the belief of Lord Durham himself, and it would be curious if, at the opening of the twentieth century, his report should be found to contain suggestions pointing the way to more effective imperial union.

In commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Princeton Theological Seminary, the members of the faculty send forth a collection of "Biblical and Theological Studies" (Scribner). The first essay is by Dr. Francis L. Patton on "Theological Encyclopædia." The author's keen analysis and love of order find ample scope in the systematization and definition of the various subjects of the traditional theological curriculum, in which he assigns to dogmatic theology the highest place. Prof. Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield contributes a paper on "The Emotional Life of Our Lord"—not a happy choice of theme for an unemotional Westminsterian Calvinist. In speaking of Christ as "a Being whose subjective life is depleted as focusing in two centres of consciousness" he is not entirely in accord with Athanasius and makes himself liable to a charge of heresy. Prof. John D. Davis, however, deduces the essential articles of the Athanasian creed from a verse or two of the prophet Isaiah, in an essay on "The Child whose Name is Wonderful." More modern is a sympathetic study of Jonathan Edwards, appropriate in a Princeton volume, by Prof. John DeWitt. A discerning analysis of a number of extra-creedal beliefs which have had considerable influence in the popular Christianity of England and America is found in the chapter on "Modern Spiritual Movements" by Dr. Charles R. Erdman. Other essays are "The Supernatural," by Prof. William Brenton Greene, Jr.; "The Eschatological Aspect of the Pauline Conception of the Spirit," by Prof. Gerhardus Vos, and "The Aramaic of Daniel," by Dr. Robert Dick Wilson. There are fifteen essays in all, and the volume extends to above 600 pages.

In our obituary of the late Bradford Torrey (October 10) we stated that he was at one time editor of the *Youth's Companion*. Our attention is called to the fact that Mr. Torrey was never editor, but only one of the associate editors of that paper.

Adrian Hoffman Joline, who died last week at his home in New York, aged sixty-two, was a graduate of Princeton, a practicing lawyer until the time of his death, and always an enthusiastic bibliophile. He was the author of "Meditations of an Autograph Collector," "Divisions of a Book Lover," "At the Library Table," and "Edgehill Essays." Mr. Joline was an occasional contributor to the *Nation*; he was also a member of several historical societies.

Miss Geraldine W. Anthony, a writer, died in New York Sunday. After graduating from Barnard College, she wrote short stories and verses and two novels, "Four in Hand" and "The Victim of Circumstance."

The death is announced from Boston of Henry Austin, the author of "The Law Concerning Farms," "American Farm and Game Laws," and "The Liquor Law in England."

Science

The Evolution of the Vertebrates and their Kin. By William Patten. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. \$4.50 net.

"For almost a quarter of a century the problem of the evolution of the vertebrates has been to me a stimulus and a guide," says Professor Patten in his introduction to a masterly treatise on a problem more burning twenty years ago than now. Many another at that period busied himself with the same or similar morphological problems, and left them, without satisfactory conclusions, for the successive and more alluring waves of experimental embryology and zoology, of cytology, and of heredity and genetics. Professor Patten, alone in this country and with a few colleagues abroad, has remained true to his first ideas, adding evidence now on one side, now on another, until in this book he gives a completely elaborated theory of the origin of vertebrates based solely on morphology. Students who spend their days over the microscope, or who limit their philosophic speculations to interpreting changes in chains of generations of color patterns, will gain in breadth of view by carefully reading this book and absorbing some of the broad scientific spirit which animates its author.

Professor Patten traces the origin of vertebrate animals back to ancestors like the Eurypterids with arachnid affinities, thence upwards through the little-known Ostracoderms to the primitive vertebrates of dipncan and amphibian types. A central argument in his theory is the phenomenon of coalescence of body segments to form the head, successive stages being found today in existing types of crustacea, insects, and arachnids. One great difficulty arises in the attempt to explain the reversal of dorsal and ventral surfaces of the arthropods into ventral and dorsal surfaces of vertebrates. He strives to show that the greater part of the arachnid body, with its primitive head, goes to form the vertebrate head, whereas the major portion of the vertebrate body consists of entirely new segments not represented in arachnids. Such a theory involves an enormous number of homologies, each of which is open to discussion, and most of which are so entirely opposed to traditional beliefs that Professor Patten's future would seem to be mortgaged to controversy. The closing of the arthropod mouth, the formation of the new vertebrate mouth, the origin and phylogenetic significance

of the vertebrate brain, will be particularly difficult for him to harmonize with the current views of comparative anatomists. He is aware of these difficulties and imperfections, and states his position with regard to them in the last sentences of his introduction:

I would gladly make them less. But to be overconscious of the one, unsteadies the hand and draws the eye away from the open waters, and too long a delay over the inevitable defects means to be surprised by the night, and still unprepared.

Forthcoming are "Farm Management," by Prof. C. W. Pugsley; "The Farm Mechanic," by Prof. L. W. Chase, and "The Satisfaction of Country Life," by Dr. James W. Robertson; they form a part of Sturgis & Walton's Farmer's Practical Library.

The leading feature of the *Geographical Journal* for October is Ellsworth Huntington's article on the fluctuating climate of North America. The ancient ruins in New Mexico and the curves of growth of the giant sequoias seem to him to prove that the climatic changes of this continent were pulsatory and synchronize with those of the Old World. Other subjects treated are modern oceanography by H. R. Mill, a journey in southwestern Abyssinia by Dr. G. Montandon, and a review of the nine years' work of the research department of the Royal Geographical Society by Prof. J. L. Myres. The presidential address of Col. Sir C. M. Watson to the geographical section of the British Association on progress in the Sudan and the international map is also given.

A compactly written volume of 500 pages, including an extended bibliography and a good index, touching themes which could be grasped hitherto only by specialists, is "Distribution and Origin of Life in America" (Macmillan), by Robert Francis Scharff. As a summary of scattered publications upon fossil no less than upon recent forms, its publication will be welcomed; and its review of distributional lore, with digestions and assimilations, will appeal to a wide circle of naturalists. It is curious, by the way, that such a work dealing with American fauna should not have borne the name of an American author; perhaps the reason is that our particular specialist who is wise enough to write upon so difficult a theme was wise enough not to write at all. For, clearly, as one thumbs the present book, distributional puzzles in bewildering profusion arise in nearly every chapter. We are not sure whether Dr. Scharff has given the most satisfactory answer to even most of them, for to judge such a matter one would have to know in detail every individual puzzle. To instance a single example, "Archhelenis," the ill-discovered country from whose limits came South American and African forms: here Dr. Scharff, like von Ihering, Ortmann, Eigenmann, and others, accepts the view that such a land connection must have existed, although the trend of opinion seems now to be taking a turn. For Pfeffer and others, most recently Haseman, bring forward strong evidence for the belief that the forms common in these widely separated localities might have come there either as relics of early migrations in most cases from a northern stock, or as hold-

overs from groups of general distribution. The fact is that the zoographer of to-day is less apt to base his results upon the extension of continents over abysmal oceans—he has found simpler dynamic means at hand for solving his riddles, and the worker of the future will probably juggle less and less with serious subsidences and elevations of land masses than with the findings of experimental zoology. The pertinence of this general subject, we may mention, has not been considered by Dr. Scharff. If he had followed this intricate line of inquiry, he might not have collected his widely scattered data, and we should not to-day be reviewing an attractive book. And even should many of the "old-line" theories pass into shadows, we shall now have before us the documents carefully labelled and classified upon which the views of the future will take wholesome root.

Drama

Mr. Horace Howard Furness, jr., who is carrying forward the great Shakespeare Variorum, the life-work of his late father, has the seventeenth volume, "Julius Cæsar," almost ready. It will be brought out early next year by Lippincott.

To the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan; general editors, Professors Neilson and Thorndike) the volume of "Othello" has just been added. Considering the numerous interesting problems of interpretation which the play affords, we regret that the editor, Thomas M. Parrott, felt constrained to write an introduction somewhat briefer than the average so far for the series. Though a perfunctory effort is made to find human motive for Iago's conduct, the discussion entirely neglects the relation of this character to other Shakespearean and Elizabethan villains. It is also hard to think of Iago without recalling the doctrines of Machiavelli and their influence upon English thought. We should have been glad to see the matter touched on here.

The tenth volume of Beaumont and Fletcher has now appeared in the Cambridge English Classics (Putnam), bringing to conclusion a notable piece of editing. When A. R. Waller took up this task from the hands of Arnold Glover, who died before even the first volume had been seen through the press, we had the promise that an eleventh volume should be added, giving various notes on the authors and the plays. Unfortunately, Mr. Waller's engagements as assistant secretary to the Syndics of the University Press have prevented him from fulfilling this promise. Each play has a full *apparatus criticus* so far as the early editions are concerned, but of literary or explanatory help there is none. However, as the general plan of the Cambridge English Classics does not really embrace such editorial matter, we cannot feel aggrieved at its absence in this particular case. It is a good deal to have the assurance of a thoroughly accurate text.

"The New Sin," by a new English dramatist, B. Macdonald Hastings, which has just been produced in Wallack's Theatre, is greatly superior to the mass of contemporary drama. It is not mechanically a well-made play, as it starts from exceedingly

forced and improbable premises and procures its situations by a series of arbitrary and incredible coincidences. The awkwardness and violence of the construction betray the novice. But the dialogue is forceful, even when it is not altogether judicious, and several of the individual scenes are of enthralling interest. It is not necessary to give the full details of a story whose strength lies in its incidents rather than its plausibility. The problem it presents is the extent to which the Golden Rule should be enforced, how much the capable, provident man is bound in duty to contribute of his energy and substance to the support of less fortunate fellow creatures who cannot or will not help themselves. It is plain that the piece has an allegorical significance, and that the personages are intended to represent classes of society. The hero, a fairly successful artist, is supposed to be the victim of an eccentric and iniquitous will. His millionaire father, whom he has mortally offended, not only disinherited him, but decreed that the vast fortune should not be divided among the other heirs, until after his, the artist's, death. The consequence is that his brothers and sisters, reared in idleness and hopelessly incapable, are sunk in the deepest misery, look to him for aid and pray for his death that they may come into their inheritance. The "new sin" is his persistence in living when his decease would bring such relief.

Occasional scriptural allusions, veiled, but sufficiently suggestive, indicate that the play is in some sort a manifesto against established creeds as well as against modern Socialistic theories. But that phase of it is not prominent and needs no more than this reference. The conscientious and benevolent hero strives to meet all demands upon him until he is bankrupt in health, hope, and purse, when in sheer despair he resolves to kill himself. But his younger brother, a cynical, irredeemable wastrel, commits a murder, of which he, discerning a means of escape in the gallows, assumes the guilt. He is promptly convicted, chiefly upon his brother's evidence, and condemned to die. His innocence is established, however—in a remarkably strong and ingenious scene—and upon his subsequent release, he resolves to play the altruist no longer, but lead his own life, fight for his own hand, and let his abominable kin sink or swim as they may. Here the play should have ended, with a definite, if mistaken, answer to the proposed problem. But in a concluding act the artist, unable to maintain his resolution, agrees to pay his family a definite sum yearly so long as they do not persecute him further. This is a lame and impotent conclusion to a work which, up to this compromise, probably dictated by managerial timidity, seemed charged with earnest convictions and clear purpose. Possibly the author wished to imply that the well-to-do must be just to themselves as well as generous to others, but the world stands in no urgent need of so elastic and comfortable a message. In his discussions of the various social and ethical questions which are cognate to his main theme he speaks with keen perception and no uncertain voice. And many of his conclusions are sound and inspiring. When extravagant, he is not mawkish. A man of his literary, inventive, and descriptive ability, ought to produce some-

thing of conspicuous note when his enthusiasms have been tempered by experience.

There does not appear to be much quality in the "Doormats" of Hubert Henry Davies, which has just been produced in Wyndham's Theatre, London. Doormats are patient, enduring folk upon whom harder and more selfish persons metaphorically wipe their boots. The play represents two couples, a foolish, romantic wife with a fond and gentle husband, and a selfish husband with a self-sacrificing wife. Apparently the tale and the dramatic interest are both thin, but Mr. du Maurier seems to have a very congenial character in the abused husband.

George Giddens, who has been engaged for Annie Russell's Old English Comedy Company, has arrived in New York, and will begin rehearsals immediately. He was last seen in New York in "Pomander Walk," at Wallack's. He will play Tony Lumpkin, in "She Stoops to Conquer," which will be the opening comedy; Bob Acres in "The Rivals," and Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing." Frank Relcher, who has been "loaned" by Winthrop Ames to Miss Annie Russell, will appear as young Marlow and as Benedick.

Music

Mes Souvenirs. Jules Massenet. Paris. Pierre Lafitte & Cie.

Massenet's memoirs appeared so promptly after his death as to arouse the suspicion that the publishers may have had them ready for a long time to place in the market at the proper moment. There is, however, internal evidence showing that he must have been busy with the manuscript to the last. Of the 352 pages in the volume, 291 are devoted to the reminiscences, and on page 223 there is a reference to an event which happened only a few months before his death—the receipt of a cablegram from New York reading: "*'Cendrillon' hier, succès phénoménal.*" The final chapter, moreover, refers to other performances given in 1912. The bulk of the volume is based, as the reader is informed in the preface, on a diary which he began to write in boyhood at his mother's suggestion. This enabled him to recall the joys and sorrows of early successes and failures vividly. He recounts them impartially. With pardonable pride he dwells on what was perhaps the greatest day of his life: the day when he met Queen Margherita and was invited to play for her one of his works, which her being in mourning prevented her from hearing in public. On the same day he met the Pope; also the son of Garibaldi. The premises of his operas were not great days for him, but days of doubt and torture, which he spent in rural seclusion, because of his aversion to curtain-calls. What pleased him most was evidence of enduring popularity, such

as the 763d performance of "Manon."

Obviously, it was not his intention to include in his Memoirs all of the stories of his career and his operas that he himself or other writers had previously given to the world. There are a number of things related by Louis Schneider, Hughes Imbert, and his American biographer that are not in his Memoirs; nor did he, as he might well have done, include in them the charming autobiographic sketch which he contributed to the *Century Magazine* for November, 1892. On the incidents of his boyhood he dwells briefly, but tells some details that were unknown to his biographers. The disputed point as to whether he ran away from his parents to return to Paris and study music is set at rest; he did depart secretly, but his mother soon forgave him and lived to rejoice in his successes, dying on the eve of the five hundredth performance of "Manon." Her he worshipped. The other idols of his boyhood were chiefly the great French composers of the day, particularly Auber, Berlioz, Thomas, and Gounod. Auber, when Massenet first met him, was sixty-five years old. He used to say he had lived too long, and "*il ne faut jamais abuser de rien.*" In truth, he still enjoyed life very much and took a special interest in Massenet's progress. His habit was to rise so early that his day's work was finished at seven in the morning. Berlioz also had his eye on the young man, who, as a stripling, had once frightened his mother by not coming home till after midnight because he was secretly attending a performance of that composer's "L'Enfance du Christ." As for Ambroise Thomas, he was, from the beginning of Massenet's studies to his own death, a true friend.

When Thomas died, Massenet delivered the funeral address (which is reprinted in this volume), and Thomas's place as director of the Conservatoire was offered to him; but he declined, as he desired to devote the rest of his life to his operatic scores. He had enjoyed the academic eighteen years' teaching of composition; most of the young men now prominent in Paris as writers of music were in his classes, and nearly always the winner of the Roman Prize had come from these classes. But his heart was in his own creative work. Again and again he refers to the joy he felt in composing his operas: "*Avoir terminé un ouvrage, c'est dire adieu à l'exprimable bonheur qu'un travail vous a procuré.*" The three years devoted to "Hérodiade" were to him "*une joie ininterrompue.*" One is a little surprised, however, on reading that the four works the creating of which gave him the most intense pleasure were the oratorio "Marie-Madeleine" and the operas "Werther," "Sapho," and "Thérèse"; for "Sapho," at any rate,

is far from being one of his master-works. Of all the operas, "Thérèse" (which has never been sung in America) appears to have been his favorite. Never, he writes, was he more deeply touched than when a friend said to him: "If you wrote the 'Juggler of Notre Dame' with faith, 'Thérèse' you wrote with the heart."

The explanation of his ability to write so many operas may be found in his statement that he got up every morning at four and worked till noon, the afternoon (six hours) being given over to his pupils. Six hours of sleep was all he needed. It is interesting to learn that he never made use of a piano to help him in composing. He had to do without one when he was placed in solitary confinement while competing for the Prix de Rome—for the simple reason that he who, in later years, earned above 700,000 francs a year could not at that time afford the twenty francs it would have cost him to hire a piano. At his country place in Egreville, he assures us, he never had a piano, in which respect he was like Verdi. With that great Italian he shared another trait. Calling on Verdi one day, he took along his valise. "I told him that it contained manuscripts which were always with me when I travelled. Seizing the bag brusquely, Verdi retorted that he did exactly the same thing, being loath to separate himself from his work when away from home. How I would have preferred," Massenet adds modestly, "to have his music in my valise in place of my own!"

Those familiar with the story of Massenet's life and the subjects of his operas will not be surprised to find a considerable number of these pages devoted to the fair sopranos who impersonated his characters, from Marie Helbronner to Sibyl Sanderson, whose story is told at considerable length, to Calvé, Cavalleri, and Lucy Arbell. The last-named he commends specially for having, while impersonating Dulcinée in his "Don Quichotte," introduced the innovation of learning to play her own accompaniments (on the guitar) instead of relying, as other singers do in such a situation, on some musician behind the scenes. He placed much stress on such details, and doubtless his singers and pupils will give the world many more particulars regarding his ways at rehearsals. These rehearsals were not always conducted in Paris. Not a few of his operas had their premières in other cities, especially Brussels and Monte Carlo.

Besides the souvenirs, the book contains the funeral addresses delivered by Massenet at the deaths of Thomas and Frémiet, two orations in honor of Mébul and Berlioz, and other similar papers. These are preceded by three curious pages of "Pensées Posthumes" in which Massenet makes some

whimsical predictions as to what will happen when his death is announced.

In one respect the last musical season in New York was the oddest on record. In consequence of Mendelssohn Hall being procured for motion pictures, the givers of vocal and instrumental recitals were driven to all sorts of places, some of which were new to concert-goers, and ill-suited for musical entertainments. This season most of these entertainments will take place in the new Aeolian Hall. There will soon be opportunity to judge if the acoustic qualities and the ventilation of this hall are as good as report says. If so, then music will at last have a home in New York such as it deserves. A beautiful hall, not too large and not too small, and with an abundance of fresh air, has much more to do with one's enjoyment of music than most people suppose.

One welcome feature of the new Aeolian Hall is its large, first-class organ. The organ is called for by a considerable number of compositions, but heretofore we have had little more than makeshifts, and eminent European and American organists have been prevented from giving concerts in this city because of a lack of an adequate instrument.

The Oratorio Society of New York will be conducted this season by Louis Koemmenich, who is said to be a master of his craft. "Elijah" will be sung on December 3 by the society, with Florence Hinkle, Margaret Keyes, Paul Althouse, Clarence Whitehill. At the "Messiah" performances on December 26 and 28 the soloists will be Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Christine Miller, Reed Miller, Herbert Witherspoon. On March 28 will take place the first performance in America of Otto Taubmann's "A Choral Service," with Inez Barbour, Mildred Potter, John Young, and Putnam Griswold as soloists. New readings are promised of the Mendelssohn and Handel oratorios. The Choral Service was written between the years 1893-1895, and had its first full performance with the Berlin Philharmonic Chorus in 1910 under the baton of the famous Siegfried Ochs. It is scored for a double chorus, solo quartet, chorus of boys, organ, and full orchestra, and has a most serious and deeply musical content. It is exceedingly difficult, requiring the full capacity of a great chorus. The season includes a schedule of seventy-one rehearsals.

The list of soloists who will appear at this season's concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society, in Carnegie Hall, as thus far determined, is as follows: Eugene Ysaie, Mischa Elman, Emfrem Zimballist, Henry P. Schmitt, Maud Powell, Louis Persinger, Bonarios Grimson, Henri Leon LeRoy, Schumann-Heink, Frances Alda, Marie Rapold, Florence Hinkle, Nevada Von Der Veer, Frederick Weld, Leopold Godowsky, Max Pauer, Ernest Schelling, Rudolph Gans, Josef Lhevinne, Germaine Schnitzer, Leo Schulz, Xaver Reiter, John McCormick, Carl Jörn, Edmond Clement, Reinhold von Warlich, Reed Miller.

The death is announced from Earl's Court, London, of Wilhelm Kuhe, in his eighty-ninth year. He was born in Prague, and went to London in 1845; in 1886 he was appointed professor in the Royal Academy of Music, which post he held until 1904.

His "Musical Recollections" was published in 1896.

Art

THE HOLDEN COLLECTION.

Through the generosity of Mrs. L. E. Holden a small collection of Italian primitives has been indefinitely lent to the Metropolitan. Prior to distribution in the galleries the group is being shown in the special exhibition room where, widely spaced between fine Eastern carpets, the pictures form a very handsome ensemble. Only one is of the fourteenth century—a large Madonna on gold ground, with a recumbent nude Eve tempted by the serpent as a lower panel. The picture is chiefly noteworthy for its large dimensions, and for this odd if not unprecedented juxtaposition of the woman who brought sin into the world with her who bore the Redeemer. The piece has attracted the attention of critics. Mrs. Berenson detected the manner of the Sienese Domenico di Bartolo; Dr. Sirén that of Francescuccio Ghisi of Fabriano. The latter attribution is the better, but both are unsatisfactory. The panel betrays all the characteristics of the Bologna-Modena school with distinct Byzantine mannerisms. The composition and forms are exactly repeated in a Madonna at Pausula near Macerata, which is signed Andrea da Bologna, and dated 1372. He should be the author of the Holden panel. To this Bolognese master have recently been assigned, on new documentary evidence, the stories of St. Catherine in the lower church at Assisi.

Various appeals to curiosity or more worthy admiration are made by a quite exquisite Madonna attributed to Botticini, and by a finely executed version of an adoring Virgin of the sort which Mr. Berenson allots to Pierfrancesco Fiorentino. Two vivacious decorative bits are a Horse Race in Old Florence done by a follower of Uccello, and a King with his military escort by the Veronese Bernardino Parentino. This is somberly splendid in color. But all the fifteenth-century pictures are of small account compared with Lorenzo da San Severino's delicately radiant Madonna enthroned against a gold ground and attended by four earnest saints. In such a work one marks the blending of many strains. Gozzola, Nicolo Alunno, and Crivelli have contributed something to this expression of hieratic purity. Probably the artist has admired as well the austere dignity of Piero della Francesca's Madonnas. Yet the humble imitation of greater men has resulted in a style sufficiently personal. Few pictures represent more appealingly the purity, simplicity, and reverence of early Umbrian art. Aside from devotional considerations, the picture has a

distinct and lovely decorative quality. Great areas of black and dull rose are relieved against the gold. The whole is kept discreet, the flesh transparently pallid, as if the hour were before the dawn.

In passing from this exquisite vision to the more material painting of the sixteenth century some revulsion will be felt. In fact, beyond a sterling but dull double portrait by Moroni, and an overvehement Burial of the Virgin ascribed to Lanziani, there is nothing very striking in this department. A little Madonna of Leonardo's school in former times was seriously championed. J. J. Jarves published it as a Leonardo in his "Art Studies." Unquestionably, a Leonardesque composition has suggested the figures in this attractive picture. The landscape background and what little of original painting remains in the figures suggest to Curator Burroughs Leonardo's imitator, Francesco Napoletano. A vivid and almost grotesque Adoration of the German school, with a charming landscape, has been attributed by Mrs. Berenson very plausibly to Aldegraver. We miss in the exhibition one or two charming Lombard pictures which were illustrated in Mrs. Berenson's article in the *Rassegna d'Arte*. Presumably, they did not fit into the hanging scheme, and will later be shown in the regular galleries.

It seems right to emphasize the personal associations of this little group of old masters. It is a remnant, about a third of the collection that Consul James Jackson Jarves assembled at Florence in the fifties and sixties. The more important part is in the Yale Art School, and has been lately installed in attractive new galleries. A few pictures were sold separately to the Boston Art Museum and elsewhere. Jarves collected with the intention of representing in an historical series the chief schools of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy. His means were small, and his intention was to appeal to public-spirited Americans to purchase the entire collection. He brought the pictures back about 1870, in the middle of the black walnut era, fondly imagining that the influence of such critics as Charles Eliot Norton would avail to sell the collection. The pictures were exhibited, and were the occasion of skepticism and merriment. At length Jarves was forced to realize on the collection. Yale University made advances on the major part; his old friend, L. E. Holden, of Cleveland, Ohio, on the rest.

At Jarves's death these debts remained unpaid, the pictures remaining with the lenders. For a while both the Yale collection and that of Mr. Holden were forgotten. Within ten years both have become the object of curiosity and pilgrimage for art historians of many nations. Jarves's taste merely had the fault of being that of the century to

come. One could wish that the entire collection of this pioneer might be re-assembled, if only temporarily, in New York, where it once was ignored. Such an exhibition would be an artistic event of note, a worthy memorial, and a just expiation.

F. J. M., JR.

Interesting discoveries have lately been made in the Roman Forum, where the south end of the nave of the Basilica Aemilia has been cleared. Three different strata were found: (1) a thin layer of ashes, with coins and remains of wood and iron (the latter belonging probably to the roof) lying on the pavement; (2) a stratum of earth, three feet thick, with marble fragments of the architectural members of the building lying upon it; (3) the west wall of the nave, which fell inward, probably in the eighth century A. D. From this it seems to follow that the building was not restored after the fire of the fifth century A. D., as has been hitherto supposed, with a row of red granite columns along the façade in place of the arcades that had hitherto existed, but that these columns had some other use; and that it was not totally destroyed by fire, but lay abandoned until the collapse of the nave wall already mentioned.

FitzRoy Carrington, well known as an authority on prints and for many years a leading member of the firm of Frederick S. Keppel & Co., has accepted the curatorship of the Print Department of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Mr. Carrington will also hold a Harvard lectureship on his specialty. It is understood that Dr. Emil Richter, who for some years has been in charge of the Museum Print Room, will remain as Mr. Carrington's associate. A considerable sum has been contributed to strengthen the collections, and the new curator will make annual trips to Europe in search of rarities. The intention is to bring the collection, which is already the most important in America, into the first rank. Mr. Carrington will continue to edit the *Print Collectors' Quarterly* from Boston.

"Pompeian Decorations" (London: B. T. Batsford), by R. A. Briggs, is a collection of twenty-five plates, about half in color, after Mr. Briggs's careful copies. There is a brief introductory note on the Pompeian styles, and a few lines to explain each plate. Mr. Briggs has been moved by a sense of the great delicacy of this Campanian work, and by justifiable discontent with the standard colored reproductions. The work is indeed of a most gracious gayety and relatively more important, in our feeling, than the pictorial compositions it encloses. Mr. Briggs's copies are sensitive and well reproduced. The collection is a valuable adjunct to the library either of a decorator or of an archaeologically inclined reader.

"The Artist's Point of View" (McClurg), by Royal Hill Milleson, is ostensibly letters from an old painter to a beginner. The advice is chatty and sensible. Landscape painting is the theme, and there is especial insistence upon arrangement and consistent color relations. The neophyte is counselled to earn his living as he may while reserving his more personal efforts for the future, to ignore casual criticisms, avoid envy of his colleagues, and accept cheer-

fully the misdeeds of juries. One's only misgiving about this amiable little book is that it may be superfluous. The sort of painter who will take such advice really does not need it.

Finance

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

In the collapse of prices on the European Stock Exchanges, which began with the Balkan War scare nearly four weeks ago and which culminated in the extreme demoralization of last week, at the time when war had actually been declared, the point of peculiar interest was the fall in Government securities. It is not often that a sudden break of large proportions and wide scope occurs in that quarter of the market. In the first month of the Boer War (which began in October, 1899) Transvaal Republic 5 per cents fell only 1 point and British consols 2. The serious trouble on the markets was to come later, with the British reverses of December; but even then the securities of neutral states moved slightly. During the month after the Manchurian War broke out in 1904, Russian consolidated 4s fell 11 points and Japanese old 5 per cents 12, and in the Paris panic day which shortly followed, consols went down 2 points and French rentes 3; yet even on that occasion only a few Government issues were affected.

Our own 4 per cent. bonds went from 113 to 107 in the month when the Cuban War broke out in 1898, and Spanish 4s, which had sold at 61 at the end of February and at 43½ in the middle of April, got down to 29½ in the opening week of May, a fortnight after the opening of hostilities; but bonds of the first-class European Powers scarcely moved. Even in the very recent Turco-Italian War, which began at the end of September, 1911, though Italian Government bonds fell 2 points in the next two months, and Turkish 4 per cents declined 10, no other European Government security was at all disturbed.

But how the securities, not only of the expected belligerents, but of neutral Powers, have moved since the Balkan trouble first became imminent at the beginning of October, may be seen from the following table. It gives the year's highest price on the London Stock Exchange; the price at the end of September (the day before the first "Balkan news"); the low price of last week's heavy break, and the price at last week's close:

	High 1912.	Sept. 30.	Oct. 14.	Oct. 19.
British consols..	79 3-16	74	72½	73½
French rentes..	95½	90½	87½	89½
German 3s	82	77½	76	77
Russian 4s	96½	92	85	88½
Turkish 4s	91½	89	78	80
Bulgarian 6s	104½	101	92½	96
Servian 4s	89	86	67½	70
Greek 4s	56 9-16	52	47	49

Such exceptionally general weakness would ordinarily be ascribed to fear of unusual demands on the money markets, such as might compel withdrawal of capital from outstanding Government securities. The sharp rise in European bank rates, on Thursday of last week, indicated this explanation as the most probable. That being so, it is in order to inquire just what financial requisitions may be involved in the Balkan War.

The cost of war is always at the start a doubtful matter of calculation. Even the little Transvaal War cost England, on the average, a million dollars per day; it lasted two years and seven months, and, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's report, caused a total expenditure of \$1,085,000,000, of which \$795,000,000 was raised by British Government bonds, sold in the open market. The Manchurian War, which lasted a year and a half, cost something like \$2,000,000,000 for the two contestants, or upwards of three million dollars daily, and fully half of this was borrowed from other markets by Russia and Japan. On the other hand, the Turco-Italian War is estimated at Rome to have cost the Italian Government \$160,000,000, or only about \$420,000 per day, while Constantinople correspondents figure the total expenditure of Turkey at \$65,000,000, or only a daily \$120,000.

But the nature of the campaign—a desultory guerrilla conflict on Turkey's part in Tripoli, and only a near-by colonial demonstration by Italy—made that necessarily a cheap war. The question is, then, whether a campaign with hundreds of thousands of mobilized troops, fighting pitched battles along the whole line of Turkey's northern border, would not be vastly more expensive. A Vienna estimate, in the current London *Economist*, figures out that the mere bringing into action of the 410,000 infantry and cavalry of Bulgaria and Serbia will cost the first of those Governments \$460,000 per day, and the second of them \$360,000. Continued at that per diem rate, the expenses of those two belligerents would be fifty to sixty millions per month, and it would still be left to reckon up the outlay of Turkey, Greece, and Montenegro. How, then, will the money markets be affected?

Precisely at this point in the inquiry a very curious consideration obtrudes. Bulgaria is the best off financially of the Balkan states; it was in the Paris market, before the war broke out, to raise a \$36,000,000 loan for refunding older issues. But Paris now reports its bankers unwilling to proceed with the negotiations, if the proceeds are to be used for war. The Servian debt, like that of Greece and Turkey, is administered by foreign commissioners, and the one loan lately placed was carefully "ear-marked," chiefly for railway-building purposes. Greece has virtually no

foreign credit, and Montenegro is believed to have subsisted on subsidies from St. Petersburg and Vienna—largely the military old clothes of its rich relations.

All this presents a curious and in many respects novel situation—especially with financial Europe united in disapprobation of the war. It is quite true that all of the belligerents (perhaps excepting Greece) have been accumulating armaments and stores, and it is also true that even poor nations can sometimes (as with the Boer republics) feed and equip their armies from their own resources, and fight for months without recourse to outside money markets.

But the impending campaign has little or no resemblance to the South African conflict. It is a contest carried on in a locality long familiar for military manœuvres, and, so far as regards the Balkan states, it is a campaign of aggression and invasion rather than defence. As such, it is bound to be immensely expensive, if at all prolonged, and the problem of financing it may provide some new considerations in the financial side of modern war.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Abbott, Lyman. *A Living Immortality*. Dutton. 15 cents net.
- American Society of Church History. *Papers*. Second series, Vol. III. Putnam.
- Annual Library Index, 1910. Publishers' Weekly. \$5.
- Arvine, W. B. *Hang Up Philosophy, and Other Poems*. Revised edition. Boston: Poet Lore Co.
- Atteridge, A. H. *Marshal Ney, the Bravest of the Brave*. Brentano. \$3.50 net.
- Bangs, J. K. *A Little Book of Christmas*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1 net.
- Bellows, Max. *Dictionary of German and English*. Holt.
- Bendall, Gerard. *The Illusions of Mr. and Mrs. Bressingham*. Lane. \$1.25 net.
- Benn, A. W. *Ancient Philosophy*. (Science series). Putnam.
- Bennett, Arnold. *Your United States*. Harper. \$2 net.
- Berkman, Alexander. *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist*. Mother Earth Pub. Co. \$1.50.
- Blichfeldt, E. H. *A Mexican Journey*. Crowell. \$2 net.
- Brissaud, Jean. *A History of French Private Law*. Trans. from the second French edition, by R. Howell. Boston: Little, Brown. \$5 net.
- Brown, A. F. *Their City Christmas*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
- Brown, Julia. *The Mermaid's Gift, and Other Stories*. Chicago: Rand, McNally. \$1.25.
- Brown, Vincent. *The Chief Constable*. Brentano. \$1.35 net.
- Bryant, L. M. *Famous Pictures of Real Boys and Girls*. Lane. \$1.25 net.
- Burges, E. T. *The Deserted Lake*. Longmans. 75 cents net.
- Burroughs, John. *Time and Change*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.10 net.
- Calkins, M. W. *A First Book in Psychology* (third edition); *The Persistent Problems of Philosophy* (third edition, revised). Macmillan. \$1.50 net; \$2.50 net.
- Caven, Stewart. *Palmer's Green*. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
- Chapple, J. M. *The Minor Chord*. Chapple Pub. Co. \$1.25 net.
- Childhood. *Pictures by C. B. Hunter and C. Ogden*. Verses by Burges Johnson. Crowell.
- Cody, H. A. *The Long Patrol*. Doran. \$1.20 net.
- Crawford, M. C. *Romantic Days in the Early Republic*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.
- Crowninshield, Frederic. *Villa Miraflore*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
- Curtis, Edmund. *Roger of Sicily and the Normans in Lower Italy*. Putnam.
- Deeping, Warwick. *The Strong Hand*. Cassell. \$1.35 net.
- Denison, Elsa. *Helping School Children*. Harper. \$1.40 net.
- Doyle, Arthur Conan. *The Lost World*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
- Egan, M. F. *Everybody's Saint Francis*. Pictures by Boutet de Monvel. Century. \$2.50 net.
- Emerson, E. W., and Harris, W. F. *Charles Eliot Norton: Two Addresses*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.
- Esenwein, J. B. *Short-Story Masterpieces*. Vol. I and II, French. Springfield, Mass.: Home Correspondence School.
- Fenollosa, E. F. *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art*. 2 vols. Stokes. \$10 net.
- Flowerdew, Herbert. *The Villa Mystery*. Brentano. \$1.35 net.
- Foster, H. D., and Fay, S. B. *Syllabus of European History—378-1900*. Fourth edition. Hanover, N. H.: E. P. Storrs.
- Gallon, Tom. *As He Was Born*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
- Galsworthy, John. *The Inn of Tranquillity: Studies and Essays*. Scribner.
- Goodrich, Edna. *Deynard's Divorce*. Boston: Badger.
- Gray, Thomas. *Letters*. Vol. III. Macmillan. \$3 net.
- Greely, A. W. *True Tales of Arctic Heroism in the New World*. Scribner. \$1.50 net.
- Gregor, E. R. *Camping in the Winter Woods*. Harper. \$1.50.
- Grimshaw, John. *The People's Medical Guide*. Macmillan. \$3 net.
- Hall, E. H. *Elements of Physics*. Holt. \$1.25.
- Hay, John. *The Pike County Ballads*. Illus. by N. C. Wyeth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50 net.
- Heine's *Die Harzreise und Das Buch Le Grand*. Edited, with notes, by R. H. Fife, jr. Holt. 60 cents.
- Herzog, Rudolf. *The Adventurer*. Desmond Fitzgerald. \$1.25 net.
- Howell, C. F. *Around the Clock in Europe*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$3 net.
- Hudson, W. H. *The Story of the Renaissance*. Cassell. \$1.50 net.
- Kulst, C. S. *Indian Sketches*. Longmans. 60 cents.
- Irwin, Will. *The Red Button*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.30 net.
- Kelly, C. F., and Mowll, W. L. *A Text-book of Design*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2 net.
- Kent, C. F., and Jenks, J. W. *The Making of a Nation: Beginnings of Israel's History*. Scribner.
- Kortrecht, Augusta. *A Dixie Rose in Bloom*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
- Lang, Mrs. Andrew. *Men, Women, and Mixes*. Longmans. \$1.25 net.
- Larson, L. M. *Canute the Great (Heroes of the Nations series)*. Putnam.
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- Miller, J. R. *The Book of Comfort*. Crowell. \$1 net.
- Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules and Les Femmes Savantes*. Edited, with notes, by J. R. Effinger. Holt. 50 cents.
- Moret, Alexandre. *Kings and Gods of Egypt*. Putnam.
- Mortality Statistics, 1909. Washington: Census Bureau, Dept. of Commerce and Labor.
- Nobel Institution Publications. Tome II, fasc. 1. Putnam.
- Orczy, Baroness. *Meadowsweet*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
- Parr, O. K. *The Little Cardinal*. Benziger Bros. \$1.25.
- Perry, Bliss. *The American Mind*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
- Perry, S. G. S. *Melindy*. Moffat, Yard. \$1 net.
- Phi Beta Kappa. *Catalogue of the Harvard Chapter*. Cambridge: The Society.
- Pope, P. R. *Writing and Speaking German*. Holt. 90 cents.

Porcher, F. S. Mr. Perryman's Christmas Eve. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. 50 cents net.

Quaritch's Catalogue of Books on Natural History. London.

Rea, Lillian. The Enthusiasts of Port-Royal. Scribner.

Redfield, W. C. The New Industrial Day. Century. \$1.25 net.

Reinach, Salomon. Cornélie, ou le Latin sans pleurs. Paris: Hachette.

Robie, Virginia. By-Paths in Collecting. Century. \$2.40 net.

Sabin, E. L. With Carson and Frémont. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.

Sadler, M. T. H. The Political Career of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell.

Salisbury, R. D., Barrows, H. H., and Tower, W. S. The Elements of Geography. Holt. \$1.50.

Sanborn, A. W. The Clerks of Kittery: A Comedy. Boston: W. H. Baker & Co.

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Snow, W. B. Fundamentals of French Grammar. Holt. \$1.15.

Stebbing, William. Truths or Truisms. Part II. Frowde. \$1.60 net.

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Tomlinson, E. T. The Young Minute-man of 1812. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50.

Ward, Bernard. The Eve of Catholic Emancipation. Vol. III, 1820-1829. Longmans. \$3.75 net.

Wemyss, M. C. E. Prudent Priscilla. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.

Williams, H. N. The Love Affairs of the Condés (1530-1740). Scribner.

Winter, Milo. Billy Poggun. Illustrated by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2 net.

Woodberry, G. E. A Day at Castrogiovanni. Woodberry Society.

Woodruff, H. S. Miss Beauty. Doran. \$1 net.

Woodworth, R. S. The Care of the Body. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.

Wright, G. F. The Origin and Antiquity of Man. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. \$2 net.

Young, F. B. Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. London: David Nutt.

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